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DEAD AND ALONE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Cold and alone, this bitter night,
Cold and alone, where the wierd moonlight
Weaveth a crown for his beautiful head,
Lieth my darling, cold and dead.

Dead and alone, on the dreary waste,
And the chilly wind, in its thoughtless haste,
Blows the brown curls from his pale, white brow,
And cruelly drifts the late fallen snow
O'er his dear form, o'er his dead heart,
That once was of mine its largest part
But now it is still,—still, still and cold,
For the spirit of Death, with fingers bold,
Toyed with his heart-strings and broke them in twain;
And a single touch on each throbbing vein,
Chilled the warm life-blood.—Oh! spirit of Death,
You kissed from his lips their last sweet breath:
You stole from his eyes their glancing light;
You robbed his brain of its will and might;
You killed my darling.

Oh! moaning wind,
Be to my darling one, gentle and kind,
Blow o'er him softly, keep the white snow
Off from his sleeping face, off from his brow,
Sing him a sweet song, tender and low,—
Just as I sang in the days long ago.
Let the pale moonlight tenderly fall
Over him now, like a silver-white pall,—
Rest on his closed eyes, and on his dead lips,
Where a smile of glory ineffable sits;
And on his great brow, that once was my pride,
God knows that for him I'd have willingly died!
But never again will his low, thrilling tone
Call me his darling one,—call me his own.

Cold and alone, this bitter night,
Cold and alone, where the wierd moonlight
Weaveth a crown for his beautiful head,
Lieth my darling, cold and dead.

MARION SHIRLEY.

REGINA;

OR, THE BIRTHRIGHT.

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER II.

Many things have calmed my nature,
And my heart has learned a beating
More serenely hushed and quiet
Than its early pulses were;—
Yet, when suddenly upon me
Came that strange, unlooked-for meeting,
I was forced to own thy glances
Could my cold composure stir. M. B.

All the environs of London have their own peculiar charm—it is pleasant to know them, to visit them, or even to dwell in them; but I confess that neither the stately rurality of Kensington, the quiet repose of Fulham and Hammersmith, or the respectability of Clapham, please me like the quaint, formal aspect of Chelsea, and the green lanes and rambling houses of Old Brompton—that fit abiding-place of story and romance. To go from these lovely spots into the city, is like leaving Paradise for Hades: one comes back bewildered, almost gasping for breath, quite willing to venture that way no more, and to forget the grimy monster in his harshness, and polluting the fresh air with his smoky breath at so short a distance. London itself is like a bad dream, from which people awake in London's suburbs with a deep sensation of relief, and a wish so earnest as to bear some relation to a prayer—that they may never sleep such sleep again.

Regina was afraid of London. That word alone will express her feelings about the city proper. She had driven through it with the manager the very day after her arrival, and had been shocked at its grimness, and its general air of utter absorption in one pursuit.

"Let us go back!" she exclaimed. "Why did you bring me here? Oh, my beautiful Paris—that any one should ever like you less than this horrible place!"

"Horrible!" exclaimed the good Englishman, in dismay. "Did I understand you rightly, my dear madam? Do you call London horrible?"

"Indeed I do!"

They drove through the beautiful streets of the West End, but she was perverse and obstinate, and would not admire any of the houses he pointed out—far less listen to the idea of her own residence in one of them. He grew a little provoked at last, for his John Bull nature revolted at her faint praise and strong criticisms.

"Well, madame, where *will* you live?" he asked, tartly.

She looked up with a roguish smile, and put out her little hand.

"Ah! now you are longing to shake me—to pull my ears! I can see it in your eyes! But don't get angry—shake hands, and say you forgive me!"

He did so, laughing in spite of himself; for she looked precisely like a child who has been naughty, and half expects a beating—being wholly sure that it deserves one.

"There—we are friends again! But I confess you are very provoking. What ails London?"

"Are there no places in it where you can see the sky?"

"Of course! You can see it here, if that is all."

"No; this fog covers it, and it chokes me. I cannot breathe."

"Fog! why, my dear child, this is nothing; you should see it in November! Do you object to it? London would not be London without fog."

Regina looked half ready to cry.

"Then I am quite sure I cannot stay. Every one looks unhappy—every one seems to be working for money—thinking for money—living for money. I do not like these houses you are showing me now; they are too tall, too grand. I want a little cottage home, with a garden, where I can dig in the ground and plant violets. I want small rooms—I want a kennel for Fidele, and a stable for my horse. I want to see the sky and the sunshine, and hear the birds sing, and walk in the green fields, and breathe better air than this. And so you must let me go back to my beautiful France, or my home in America, dear monsieur, or I shall die!"

He sat gazing at her, open-mouthed, as, with the simplicity of a child, she poured out these humble little plans.

"I have always lived it."

"Why, I thought you would complain because the houses were not magnificent enough, and so I have been showing you the handsomest ones I could find. But if you only want a cottage and a garden—"

"That is all, I assure you. Will you let me go back to France?"

"Pshaw! sit still, and be a good girl!" he exclaimed, in a half-fatherly, half-brotherly kindness, that pleased her beyond expression. "France, indeed! Why England is the very birth-place of cottages! I doubt if they know how to build them in any other country, much less live in them. And so you have no grand tastes, after all! You only wish to pet your horse and your dog, and to plant violets, poor child!"

And his smile was very pleasant as he pulled the check-string, and ordered the coachman to drive out to Old Brompton.

He had believed the rumors about Regina—he had accepted them as a part of her position and reputation; but from that moment he felt that they were false, and made himself a promise that while she remained near him he would watch over her as faithfully and as tenderly as if she had been his sister, or his child. He did not break that vow.

And so Regina pitched her tent in an odd little cottage, behind high walls, with plenty of garden-ground, and an attempt at a lawn, which she decreed should be changed into a paddock, where the white horse might feed sometimes in summer. It was a pleasant little place—more like a bird-cage, it may be, than a house; but that did not matter, so long as a bird was dwelling there. There was a miniature drawing-room, with French windows, opening on the lawn—a dining-room opposite, under whose casements blossomed, in swarms, a perfect bank of roses of all colors and kinds;—there was a library at the back of this apartment, and a tiny conservatory behind the drawing-room, the sight of which made Regina dance with delight. In less than a fortnight the new house was ready; and Captain Tom Grosvenor, following her carriage on that wild March evening from the theatre, wished heartily that she had chosen a dwelling-place where the winds of heaven would visit his "fair face" a little less roughly. Few, however, would have found fault with the winds or storms after having been admitted within the gates. A pretty trellised walk led up to the principal entrance. On the right was the paddock, soon to be sown over with grass and clover-seed, for the benefit of the Arabian. On the left, the flower-garden, embellished with a fountain, a dial, and a rustic summer-house. A beautiful weeping willow trailed its pendant branches over the fountain's edge. In summer, when the boughs were green, the water flashed up through them like a spray of diamond drops. A seat formed of the twisted trunks of young trees stood under the willow.

The quaint aspect of the interior fully agreed with that of the exterior. The hall was decorated with a deer's head and horns "I' the velvet;" with a curious collection of riding-whips; a set of slender, mouse colored oars, marked with the letter "R;" a beautifully-wrought bow, and quiver full of arrows—evidently the work of Parisian hands; a silver-mounted rifle, and a hunter's horn, with an agate mouth-piece, and tassels of green silk.—At the upper end stood two *huge* suits of armor, [illegible] ed by their owner "Gog and Magog," [illegible] as far-famed London giants.

Drawing and dining-rooms must always be more or less alike, and Regina's, though comfortably and tastefully furnished, need not be mentioned here. The library was her own peculiar haunt, and bore more trace of her inner soul than any other apartment in the house.

On the morning of which I write, a bright fire blazed upon the hearth, for the air was cold and the wind high among the garden trees. Before the fire was drawn a round table covered with appliances for breakfast, and a crimson velvet easy chair, of tempting shape, with the morning paper unfolded on its arm. A footstool matching the chair was filled by a white, flossy, curly dog, who eyed the door anxiously, and now and then started up with a glad whine at the sound of distant footsteps. This was "Bonny Prince Charlie," the faithful companion of Mary of Scotland. Opposite him a sleek, grey cat, dozing on an embroidered cushion, who was evidently thinking more of the warm fire and the warm breakfast to come, than of his absent mistress. Walking, with turned-in toes, up and down the back of the easy chair, a bird of preternatural blackness, whose pale blue eyes watched slyly the other inmates of the room, seemed meditating an assault upon one or both of them. This was "Peter," an American "crow,"—first cousin, by birth and lineage, to that "feathered mystery," called in England a raven. Peter was "a character" in his way, and led the grey cat an uneasy life when he dared venture near enough to tease her. At present he was croaking and muttering to himself in an undertone, evidently displeased at the loud rejoicing of the canaries flying from flower to tree, in the warm conservatory, whose glass doors had been made to open into this room as well as the other.

The walls of the library were lined with books. A light ladder leaning in one corner showed that even those upon the topmost shelves were read.

Above the chimney-piece hung a painting—the work of one of the old masters—and for that reason, as well as its beauty, invaluable. A single face—a woman's face, full of grief, but no less full of faith and love. The golden hair fell neglected upon the white shoulders; the eyes were raised to heaven, tearful, yet mild and calm, and blue as the sky on which they looked; the lovely lips seemed about to part in a pensive smile, and the hands, ah! they were clasped upon the beautiful bosom in humble prayer at last. It needed not the alabaster vase within them to tell her country or her name. All knew who gazed upon her that she was the Magdalen of the Jews, the "Magdalen" who afterwards became "Mary," and sat at the feet of her Master, and chose the "better part."

That picture acquired a sad significance in Regina's room. Heaven only knows what thoughts were in the poor girl's heart, when, with her own hand, she placed that touching memorial of the sad past where her eyes, and the eyes of all who might visit her, must fall upon it from day to day.

REGINA.

There were no other pictures, but near the window stood a fine model of the Arabian, with Prince Charlie, holding his bridle, at his feet. Next to this, was a complete skeleton, arranged upon a stand in such a way that it could be turned about and studied at pleasure. Then came a Turkish "water-pipe," with a scarlet fez hanging on its twisted stem. A blade of Damascus steel, naked and glittering, was suspended from the shelves above, as if to guard the Koran—over which it hung. Lastly, a small cabinet, whose doors were ajar, displayed a fine collection of shells and minerals, and a few stuffed birds, that had once sung and sported in a Texan chapparal. A Swiss clock surmounted this cabinet. As the bells of a neighboring church tolled the hour of nine, it began to play a plaintive little air, and before it ceased Regina entered the room.

She was dressed very simply in a morning robe of some fine black cloth, whose hanging sleeves were lined with crimson. A small pointed lace collar set off the whiteness of her throat; sleeves of the same material; a cord and tassels of black and crimson about her waist, and velvet slippers, completed her costume. Her abundant hair was thrown back from her forehead, and confined in a silken net. She wore no ornament, no brooch, bracelet or earring—nothing but the one plain circlet on the third finger of her left hand. Yet in some mysterious way she managed to look quite as stately as when she wore the dress of Mary Stuart and Scotland's royal crown.

It was a pretty thing to see her morning greeting to the creatures dependent on her love and care. The Arabian had already been visited and fed—now she caressed the dog and cat, and allowed the bird to perch upon her shoulder, while she sang and whistled to the delighted inmates of the conservatory, and placed some lumps of sugar and bits of apple within their domain. Coming back to the table, she touched a bell, and moved a chair from the wall beside the fire. Instantly a trap fell, and a dumb-waiter rose through the vacant space, loaded with plates of cold ham, bread, and butter; two egg-cups, covered with napkins; two saucers of cream; a tiny plate, with a square of cake upon it; a silver coffee pot; and a chased basket, filled, even at that inclement season, with oranges and grapes.—This was her breakfast, and it was a fancy of hers to take it without seeing the face of a single person—friend or servant—till it was over. Hence the dumb waiter.

She placed the saucers of cream respectively before Prince Charlie and Richard the Third, filled the extended claw of Peter with the cake, and carried a generous bunch of grapes to the conservatory, for the birds. Then, bidding all her pensioners be good and quiet, she took down a favorite volume from the shelves, drew her chair near the table, and basking luxuriantly in the warmth of the fire, began, according to custom, her mental and physical meal together.

An hour passed by unnoticed. At its expiration, a gentle knock made itself audible at the door. Regina laid aside her book, and Madame Prudence, the "*bonne mere*," entered; her keen, brown face and little active figure contrasting almost ludicrously with the sober garb of an intensely "respectable" British matron, which she had assumed, by way of defining her position in the eyes of the servants under her control.

"Well, *ma mere*, the 'top of the mornin'' to you!" said Regina, with a ludicrous blending of the French and Irish accents, justly attributable to the volume of "Charles O'Malley," over which she had been laughing. "How goes the world with you to day?"

Madame Prudence advanced her withered cheek for the morning salute, and having received it, sat down, and began to open her budget of news.

"In the first place, my dear, I have actually seen the blue sky to-day, almost as blue as it used to be in France!"

"Oh, that is pleasant! I told you it would come by-and by. And now, I suppose I can begin with my flowers? Where are the seeds?"

Prudence heaved a very long sigh.

"Dear girl, you will never forgive me. They are lost!"

"Lost?"

"These young servants are stupid beyond belief. Imagine, my dear girl, that one of them found the little packet in the drawer below, and threw them into the fire!"

"All?"

"All!" replied Prudence, with tragic emphasis. "And she consoled me, afterwards, by saying that she thought they were rubbish!"

"Rubbish that it will take time, and pains, and money to replace," said Regina, shrugging her shoulders. "We must go to some nursery-gardens, that is all, Prudence. But take care that incapable does not get hold of the packages a second time. Now what have you in your apron pockets for me? They look suspiciously full! Have you been buying some *bonbons* for the spoiled child?"

Prudence laughed—gave a postman's knock upon the back of Regina's chair, and emptied the contents of her pockets upon the table.

"Bah!" said the actress. "Only letters! After one has been twenty-one, what possible interest or pleasure can there be in a few sheets of 'humbug,' as they used to call it in the States."

Nevertheless, she broke the seals languidly, while Prudence, clearing the table, sent the dumb-waiter down again, and restored the room to its usual appearance. At last Regina uttered a sharp exclamation, and struck her clenched hand upon the table.

"What is it, my dear?"

"That he should dare to write to me! *He*—of all others!"

"Who?"

"Charlemount!"

Prudence looked quite bewildered.

"Do you know him, my dear?"

"Oh! have I never told you, then? He is an earl—an English earl—and he is also—his—Alfred's brother!"

"But what does he say?"

"Say!" She sprang from her seat, and walked angrily up and down the room. "What do all men say, Prudence? What do all men say—*to me?*"

"He has uttered it, then?"

"He has!" And she struck the letter passionately with her hand. "He says he loves me! He proposes magnificent settlements!—settlements." She laughed bitterly. "I am to go and live with him, Prudence! I am to be his plaything—his toy! I, who should—who might have been his brother's wife, and Countess of Charlemount myself! It drives me wild! Was there no thought of delicacy—no feeling of tenderness towards his dead brother—no chivalrous generosity for a woman, young, and worse than alone—to keep him from this? These dry bones, Prudence—these dry bones have more of pity and honor in them, than the hearts of men!"

She leaned her head upon the stand of the skeleton, as she spoke, and played with its long fingers; while tears of rage and wounded pride dimmed, for a moment, the brightness of her eyes.

"Have you ever seen this Earl?" asked Prudence, at last.

"Often, at the theatre. I asked the manager to point him out to me that very first night. He was in a box with a beautiful young girl."

"Alone?"

"Oh, no! It was evidently a family party. I judged that he was about to marry her. And yet he dares write this letter to me!"

"Is he like my lord?" asked Prudence, wishing to divert her attention from the note, even if she pained her thereby.

"Like him! Thank heaven—no! The Earl is stout, and large, and handsome; but he has not Alfred's face—he has not Alfred's heart, or he would never have done this."

Perhaps Prudence, little dry old woman of the world that she was, had her own ideas about her dead master's conduct, and thought, secretly, that there was little to choose between the two; but the rack would never have dragged this opinion from her—and she wisely kept an unbroken silence, till Regina's passion had exhausted itself in words. Then she replied,

"My dear, I really think he has been here."

"Here? The Earl?"

"Yes."

"What do you mean?"

"Yesterday, when you were out riding, a gentleman rang at the garden door and asked for a glass of water. He said he was fatigued with a long and warm walk."

"At this time of the year? Well, go on."

"I carried it to him myself. He asked me questions about you, but I saw him look curiously around at everything in the hall. He thanked me very politely after he gave me back the glass, and said the water was exceedingly pure and sweet."

"I wish it had choked him!" said Regina, ungraciously. "But how did he look?"

"A very tall, grand man, with much hair, curling, and a beard. He speaks low; he carries his head like this!" and she threw back her own with an air of dignity that made Regina laugh.

"The very man, Prudence. I suppose he had the grace to take himself off after this?"

"At once."

"*Was* he walking?"

"No:—the servant told me she saw him enter a brougham at the head of the lane."

"And the brougham had an earl's coronet upon it, I suppose?"

Prudence nodded her head.

"That is nothing, however. The man who would insult one woman thus, would not hesitate long over a lie to another. Well, Prudence, if he comes again—"

"Yes, dear?"

"And he asks for water, give it to him, but qualify it with a little prussic acid first."

The worthy woman looked horrified.

"Upon my word, I have it in me to prepare such a draught at this moment. Stay; you shall give him no water—but this!" and she tore the unlucky letter into fragments, dashed them upon the floor, and set her foot upon them. "Relate that to him, my good Prudence, the next time he is fatigued; and tell him that for the love he proffers, Regina returns him her bitterest hate and scorn!"

There are some women who reach the height of their beauty only when they are enraged—some who, like the spotted leopard, must be roused before their peculiar charm appears. It was thus with Regina. Always fascinating, always winning, she must of necessity be, but strong moments were the seasons of her most resistless power. As she stood there by the window, her intense burning vitality contrasting so strangely with the fleshless figure at her side; her pale cheek flashing with a vivid crimson; her large eyes dilated, dark, and troubled to their lowest depths; her slender figure drawn up with a stately air, and her head raised defiantly—it would have been difficult to find a more glorious picture of youth, of womanhood, of passionate emotion, than she presented. Even Prudence acknowledged the charm. What, then, must *he* have felt, who stood upon the threshold of the door for one brief moment, and gazed with the eyes of a poet and a man upon Regina, already the idol of his dreams?

She was first to notice him. The angry look in her eyes gave place to one of astonishment, and then returned again.

"Sir!" she said, haughtily. "Who are you? And how do you happen to be intruding here?"

"I come from the manager of the ——— Theatre. I am writing the new play, and have waited on you by your own request. I am sorry that the servant's entrance and my own were unobserved. Believe me, madame, I had not the slightest thought of 'intruding' on you."

Advancing into the full light of the room, he spoke these words gravely, and somewhat haughtily. Then he observed that Prudence was gazing at him with the most intense terror, and that Regina had clasped both her hands above her heart, and uttered a slight exclamation.

"Your name—your name?" she said, eagerly, without moving from her place.

"My name is Clifford."

"Clifford? Ah!"

She drew a long breath, motioned Prudence out of the room, and coming back to the fire, pointed out a seat to him, while she sank into her own and covered her face with her hand.

Somewhat puzzled by this greeting, Clifford yet rejoiced at it, for it gave him time to look at Regina more closely than he had ever done before. He marked the purity of her complexion, the delicacy of her hands and feet, the gently swelling outline of the bust, half-hidden, half-defined, by the loose dressing-gown; and felt in his heart of hearts that he had never done justice to her beauty—that she herself had never done justice to it upon the stage. At the same time an odd consciousness

possessed him that had Regina been the pure ideal of his young life's dream, he should never have dared to gaze upon her thus—never ventured to make a mental catalogue of her charms so boldly. He wound up all with the reflection—"Lord Erlinford was a happy man, but I doubt if he knew it thoroughly. I might have been far happier than he, had I been in his place! But, now! Ah! there is nothing between this woman and myself—there will be nothing, though I feel that there might have been, had she been pure!"

Unconsciously, his eyes wandered from her downcast face to the uplifted one of the pictured Magdalen; when they turned once more towards her she was also looking at him. A brief shadow crossed her brow—then she began the conversation, as any other lady, intent upon business only, might have done.

"I beg you to pardon my rudeness, Mr. Clifford," she said, courteously. "I had been much annoyed—in fact, I was thoroughly out of temper—and I am afraid, in the heat of the moment, some of the vials of wrath intended for an absent person may have been broken on your head!"

"I got only a single drop," Clifford hastened to say.

"For that I apologize."

"It did not hurt."

His brief smile provoked her, and she answered brusquely,

"Of course not. But we will proceed to business now. Mr. Irving was speaking to me yesterday about you and your play, and I expressed a wish to see you in person."

Clifford bowed.

"I like the play."

"Thank you!"

"And when I appear in it, I expect to make what you English people call 'a sensation.' It suits me—the character, I mean."

"It is accepted, then, madam?"

"Did not Mr. Irwin tell you?"

"He left the pleasant tidings to come through a pleasant channel," said Clifford, smiling.

"Is that a compliment? Don't pay me compliments—I don't care for them. But are you really at all pleased?"

"Indeed, I am! I am flattered in my mind, as an author, and in my purse, as a poor man, by the good news you have given me. For, if truth must be told, I fancied that play would be rejected."

"Why?"

"Mr. Irwin told me it would be subject to your decision."

"Well, I am not a very unmerciful judge."

"I perceive it now. But after seeing you in all your great parts, I almost despaired of producing anything suitable to you."

"Have you the manuscript here?"

Clifford produced it from the breast-pocket of his coat—gaily bound in crimson morocco, with gilded edges. At sight of these decorations, Regina smiled.

"Mr. Clifford, this is your first play?"

He looked up from the volume a little surprised.

"True! Did Mr. Irwin tell you?"

"No!"

"Who then?"

"Yourself!"—and she pointed to the cover of the book. "A first child, whether of heart or brain, is always gaily clad. Wait for a time. When you have a larger family around you, you will be less careful of the appearance of your fast-coming heirs."

"Perhaps. But you are partly the cause of all this bravery."

"How?"

"Having a fatherly pride in my offspring, I determined, in case it was looked upon kindly, to offer such a copy at the goddess's shrine, that she could not but accept it, and honor me by studying her own part from its pages. They are not worthy such an exalted destiny—and yet—" He did not finish the sentence, but kneeling playfully at Regina's feet, laid the book upon her lap.

For one moment she gazed wistfully into the beautiful face, so like that of the dead. Then she motioned him to rise, and opened the volume.

"It is beautifully done. The writing is like copper-plate. Whose work is it?"

"Mine, madame."

"Yours! Why, I thought authors always wrote worse than anybody else!" was her grave exclamation.

Clifford laughed.

"I believe they do, generally speaking. But, fortunately for the purity of my penmanship, I had a year's practice in a lawyer's office before the mania for scribbling seized upon me. The printers, I believe, mutter 'curses not loud, but deep,' over such sheets as usually go through the press, but I have not lost my old gift yet, when I choose to exercise it. And I took great pains with that."

"Meaning it for me?" asked Regina.

"For you!"

"Has any one else seen it?"

"No one."

She looked at it, and at him with a smile of pleasure. Here was an intensely jealous nature. She was annoyed or gratified by trifles few would notice; and if Clifford had shown the volume even to his most intimate friend, she would have prized it far less than she did.

"I accept it with the greatest pleasure!" she said. "It was a very graceful thought of yours, I must say. I hardly expected such—such—I mean, I thought English people were entirely different from this. But perhaps you are not English yourself?"

A sudden flush dyed his face even to the temples.

"Madame, if hearts know anything of their lineage, mine would say that English blood filled its veins. I cling to England as to my home and my country. At the same time, I do not know—"

He paused with a heavy sigh. Regina burst out with honest, impetuous lamentations over her blunder.

"I have pained you, Mr. Clifford. I think no other human being was ever so unlucky as I! It only needs that a word should not be said, for me to speak it. What must you think of me? Do forgive me!"

"I have nothing to forgive. How could you know, dear madame, that the question would pain me?"

"But it did; and you must say you forgive me. There is a small pain lying at the bottom of my heart till I hear those words."

"Banish it, then! I forgive you!"

She looked satisfied, and turned to the play again.

"Will you be vexed if I criticise this a little?"

"No."

"I think you have made a mistake in the character, but only in one place. Zenobia forgives her recreant husband!"

"Do you object?"

"Decidedly!"

"But a woman's love, madame! Surely, I am right in making it outlast a woman's hate!"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Mr. Clifford, you may be a student of human nature; you may fancy you understand it thoroughly; but like all men, you blunder ludicrously, or painfully, as the case may be, when you begin to write of women. This play is a proof."

"Show me."

She turned over the pages till she came to the last scene.

"There?"

"Well?"

"That woman is a queen—a banished queen; and banished because her husband has seen fit to love one fairer and younger than she. She has the passionate Eastern blood in her veins. She has suffered keenly for years; and her rival has ruled and enjoyed in her stead. She has learned to hate that man as deeply as she once loved him; but at the last hour, when she lies dying, poor and alone, you bring him to her side, and, with a few weak words of penitence, you do not even make him generous enough to renounce that rival: and yet you picture her clinging to him as fondly as ever, and sighing out her forgiveness with her latest breath?"

"And a very effective thing I thought it," said Clifford, frankly.

"No doubt. I can fancy the water in your eyes, and the glow at your heart. I can just appreciate the throb of masculine vanity, and the thrill of that mawkish thing you call 'pity' for Zenobia! Oh! I know perfectly how you wrote it!" she answered, sarcastically.

"But is it not true?" he asked, looking at her steadily.

"True! My dear sir, do you really fancy women *are* such idiots?" and she burst out laughing in his face.

Now, no man likes to be laughed at; still less, to have white teeth gleam mockingly over the most pathetic efforts of his genius—those very "bits" which he had fancied would draw tears from every eye. Clifford bit his lip, and sat very uneasily in his chair.

"I shall find it difficult to make my peace after this, but I must go on. It is *not* true, Mr. Clifford. There may be some of the spaniel breed among us, but trust me Zenobia was not one. You have painted her, I believe, very correctly, till that last scene. You have made her the proud, ambitious, warrior-woman; loving deeply, but also loving fiercely, and battling frantically with her hard fate till the very last. Do you suppose such a creature would melt into tenderness at the first word of that crowned traitor? Do you suppose she would forget who waited for him in his royal palace? Do you suppose for one instant that the dead love could awake and she pardon him?"

"*You* would hardly have done so?" said Clifford musingly.

Up to her cheek flew that red flush again—back to her eye came the flashing glances, and a strong tremor ran through her from head to foot. She clenched her hand, and smiled.

"*I* forgive a traitor! *I* love him once more!"

"It shall be altered," was Clifford's hasty answer. "You know your own woman's heart and nature far, far better than I."

He made a memorandum on a card, slipped it between the leaves, and put the book in his pocket again. Then leaning back in his chair he glanced round the room, and at Regina.

"May I stay a few moments longer? My business is finished; but, to tell the truth, I do not like to go."

She laughed.

"Stay, then, Mr. Clifford."

"I am not keeping you from anything—you are not going out?"

"Not I; this is one of my lazy days—I always have one after acting."

"Does it tire you?"

"It *wears* me. See!" and she held up her hand. It trembled and quivered like a leaf in the autumn wind.

"You do not go out enough, I'm afraid."

"I take a long, fast gallop every day with my Arabian. I walk for hours about these quiet lanes. I ramble all over my little domain, and I dance often when the fit seizes me; so that by bed-time I am as tired as a child that has played all day. In one fashion or another, Mr. Clifford, I am nearly always moving. At present, however, it suits me to remain perfectly inert thus!"

She nestled luxuriously into the depths of her easy-chair, and half closed her eyes. The garden, outside, was gay with sunshine, and the songs of the sparrows, the subdued house noises, came pleasant to the ear; and the conversation progressed for some time, until Clifford suddenly exclaimed, as if a quick thought had struck him,

"Ten minutes—or, at most, half an hour ago, we were utter strangers. And here I am talking to you as if I had known you for years!"

"You feel the charm, then, as well as I!" she exclaimed, looking into his animated face.

"The charm! You have given it its right name. Yes, I feel it."

"Do you know why?"

"Rumor told me, long ago, that all who approached Regina must acknowledge it, sooner or later. I have done so from the first moment, that is all."

"Humph!" she said, sharply, raising herself in her chair, and looking at him with a slight curve of the lip. "I may as well tell you, once for all, Mr. Clifford, that I detest compliments. They have been dinned into my ear by every idiot I have met for seven years past. I beg that *you* will not begin them. As for Rumor"—she paused, and glanced at the Magdalen above their heads—"as for Rumor, that lady and I are not on the best of terms. Do you believe all the gossip tells you—especially about Regina?"

His glance followed hers. It was impossible to mistake her meaning. But he answered her as frankly as she had asked it.

"When I entered this room, I might have done so. I confess it would be very difficult for me to believe anything against you now."

"Because I have talked about literature, in the place of allowing you to make love to me."

"You wrong me by saying it. In the first place, I did not come here to make love to you."

"Thank you for the assurance."

"And you know it well. Whatever interest I may have felt in you (and it is difficult not to feel some after seeing you upon the stage,) I was wise enough to keep to myself. The young page who held up the train of Zenobia's royal robe, had as much reason to hope for her smiles, as I to hope for yours."

"Are the skies about to fall? I have heard of that paragon of paragons, a modest man; but never expected to see him here in my library. And so you really think you are not worthy to bear away the prize?"

"I said nothing about worthiness!" he exclaimed, so indignantly that she laughed till the tears came into her eyes.

"Ah! I thought the humility was only assumed? Well, Mr. Clifford, it is not very likely that you, or any one else, will ever bear me off. But having set your heart at rest on that point, I wish you would tell me why you were not going to try."

"You are the most provoking person I ever met."

"Capital! We shall get on well if you pay me such compliment as that! But why would you not try, Mr. Clifford?"

And again her arch, beautiful face was turned towards him.

"Well, if I might say it—though I cannot see why you should want to know—I am a poor man, and what is more, a nameless man. I cannot afford to be wicked—and if I could, there would be no *prestige* about any sin I should commit, to make a woman like you willing to share it with me. Is that spoken plainly enough?"

"Quite!"

"So, though I admired you, probably as much as any other man could have done, on the night of you first appearance, I never dreamed for a moment that I should come nearer to the Scottish Queen—still less, that I should see her one day, discrowned, and talk with her, at the very foot of the throne, as I am doing now."

"Well, go on!"

"When I first came here, that thought of my poverty was uppermost in my mind. *Now*, if you ask me why I never hope to win Regina—I answer, because I believe Regina will never allow herself to be won!"

She stretched out her hand to him, with a gentle sigh.

"Regina thanks you!"

He held the hand for one moment in his own, then bent down and pressed his lips upon it. Something moved him strangely, for a tear fell with the kiss. A softened look quivered in the dusky depths of her own eyes.

"A tear!—and for me?"

"I could find it in my heart to wish that we had met years and years ago," he murmured, half-inaudibly.

"Years and years ago? But I was very happy then! Come here with me. I will show you what I mean."

Still holding his hand, she drew him towards the window, and halting before a detached row of shelves, touched a spring concealed behind the books. The shelf swung slowly out into the room—a little dark recess appeared, in which something like an artist's easel stood. She drew it out. It was a picture, mounted like the others; and turning it towards the light, she bent over it a moment, lovingly, and then beckoned him to look.

He did so. He saw the face of a young and beautiful man—a bright, eager face, shaded by waves of sunny hair, and smiling alike with lip and eye, as if from a world where death or change could never come. His first feeling was of admiration; his second, of jealousy; his third—that made him start, and look from the portrait to Regina, with a peculiar glance.

"I need not ask you who this is."

"I think not."

"Lord Erlinford."

"To *you!* But 'Alfred' to *me*—always!"

"How much you must have loved him!"

Her lip trembled a little.

"With my whole heart, Mr. Clifford. And that, from *me*, means very much."

"I can believe it."

Here was a slight pause, during which they both gazed at the face whose earthly model had long mouldered into dust, yet left it behind, bright and beautiful as ever.

"Since he died," said Regina, very calmly, "no one, not even Prudence, has looked at this picture, till now. Can you tell why I have broken through the strict rule for you—for you, who (as you just now said) could be called nothing more than an utter stranger half an hour ago?"

Clifford looked uneasy. "I have a thought of my own—but it may not be yours. I would rather not put it into words."

"You need not fear. I am very sure it is the right one."

"Well, then, although we can never see ourselves as 'others see us,' I have a kind of consciousness of my outward self, as I suppose every one has. And I fancy you detect a resemblance (which I am persuaded must exist in some small degree, or it never would have crossed *my* mind) between the portrait and myself."

"Quite right. The same mother might have borne you both. You are far more like Alfred than Charlemount himself. Have you any—oh, I am forgetting!"

"No," he said, looking kindly at her, as she checked herself, "I am no relative of theirs. I have no family. I might have dropped out of the skies, for aught I know. But the likeness I bear to them is certainly peculiar. I have even been told that I am like Miss Erlinford herself."

"Who is she?"

"The daughter of Mr. Eustace Erlinford. He is a younger branch of the house; but if Lord Charlemount dies he will be Earl."

"Is she fair, too, with blue eyes?"

"Yes."

"And an innocent face?"

"Yes."

"I have seen her, then. She was at the theatre the first night I came. Charlemount was with her; and she flung me a bouquet of white roses—'sweets to the sweet,' I suppose."

"I flung you some flowers, too."

"Did you?"

"Some simple white violets. I had been at infinite pains to procure them, and I think I saw you put your foot on them as you passed out. That was pleasant."

"Very likely," said Regina, taking out her note-case with a smile. "Were they at all like these?"

She held them up, faded, but fragrant still, before his eyes.

"What—you kept them! Are they mine?"

"No, they are mine," she answered, quietly replacing them, and returning them back to her pocket. "But you need not put on that look of gratified vanity."

"I—"

"There, never mine. I know that you *are* vain—your sex proves it."

"When it is universally known that yours has monopolized every grain of that commodity," he murmured, under his breath.

"Thank you," said Regina, whose ears were like those of the greyhound in the fairy tale. "Opinions differ on that subject. However, as I was saying, there is no call for you to be puffed up on this occasion. I caught a glimpse of your face as you threw the flowers, and kept them for the sake of it. Now you know the charm of our intercourse. It is because I cannot find it in my heart to be cold and stately towards any one who looks at me with Alfred's eyes."

"And that was why you started so when I came to-day."

"Yes. As for Prudence, I am persuaded she thought you a spirit for the first moment or two. There! we will put the picture back again."

He helped her to lift the stand, and close the recess. Then they went back, and stood near the fire. She stooped down to fondle Fidele, and to stroke the arching neck of the gray cat.

"Are you never lonely here?" he asked, looking round the pleasant apartment.

"Sometimes."

"You feel that these pets of yours, these books, yonder singing-birds, cannot, after all, quite fill up your life?"

"They nearly do so. And then I have my garden, my trees, my fountain, my summer sky, and my midnight moon. Believe me, I am not a person to be pitied. While the sun shines, and the green trees wave, Regina will never be very lonely, or very sad."

"It is a brave heart, I know, but I think it yearns at times," he said, in German.

"For what?"

"*Companionship.*"

"And if it does?"

"Seek it."

"It is all very well to say that!" she exclaimed, half-pettishly. "I have sought it often, and what did I find? Only something that I did not value—a paltry pretence of love, that would have failed me if I had been idiotic enough to trust it: that, at its very best, was nothing but veiled selfishness."

"There are other things in life—in the world!"

"Indeed! Where?"

"Here!" He laid his hand upon his heart, looking straight into her eyes, the while she shook her head. "I ask only to be a friend to you," he added.

"I have no faith in friends."

"Let me teach you," he said.

"You are very kind. But no, we will have no pretence of friendship, Mr. Clifford. My doors are closed against the world; but if you choose to come now and then, they shall open to you. Because you have that face, it will not be painful to me to welcome you; but you will be pleased to remember that I put no trust in you as a friend, and that though I may talk most freely with you, and feel safe in so doing, no act of treachery on your part, no future change, or unkindness, or wrong will ever take me by surprise. We will be 'acquaintances,' and as pleasant ones as we can well be; but out of this room you shall never influence my life, nor will I ever influence yours. Do you agree to those terms?"

"What can have made you so suspicious? Why should you think every human being perfectly untrue? I have heard before that this was your creed, but I never believed it!"

"Believe it now. And for a reason, take this. I judge others by myself? It is a righteous judgment, but possibly not a very merciful one."

"Enigma!"

"All women deserve that name! Well, do you agree to those terms?"

"To any; so that I may see you again!"

"Take care! No compliments; and, above all, no love-making, either now or at a future day. You remember, you did not come for that purpose! Well, good-bye! Come out next week, if you have nothing better to do, and show me what you have done with Zenobia."

He paid his adieu somewhat silently, and took back to his lodgings a vision of that arch smile and those mischievous eyes that boded ill for his future peace of mind.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Among the Romans the gift of a ring was a badge of liberation from slavery. Married people can best explain whether it is so among the moderns.

☞ No doctrine is good for anything that does not leave behind it a moral furrow, ready for the planting of seeds which shall spring up, and bear abundant harvest.

☞ One of the surest signs of laziness is, that of women using rocking-chairs too much. —*Punch.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1860.

TERMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The FIRST YEAR'S subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ENIGMAS, &c. Every one who sends an enigma or riddle, is naturally desirous that it should be inserted at once. But as it is impossible to oblige all, contributors must take their turns—with this exception, that a preference is generally given to merit. When we have too many enigmas for all to be inserted, as often happens, we select the best for publication. Enigmas made upon the names of private individuals, are not so much to our taste as some others.

LIGHTNING.

We have heard it said that the lightning never does any injury to a house which is covered with tin, or other metallic substance. A recent article in the *Tribune* says that Mr. Meriam, of Brooklyn, avers that during the many years which he has devoted to the examination of this subject, he has seen no case recorded where the lightning has fatally injured any person lying on an "iron" bedstead, or in a house or building having a metallic roof. He avers that persons in iron buildings, iron vessels, within railroad cars, on board of steamboats or ocean steamers, or in vessels furnished with metallic conductors, continue to enjoy complete protection from death or injury from lightning. So also with those in ordinary buildings furnished with proper conductors. The same writer says:—

It is remarkable that large cities enjoy an almost perfect immunity from danger to life by lightning. This remark applies as well to American as to European cities. Between 1800 and 1851, not a single death by lightning is recorded as having occurred in Paris, while the average annual number of deaths from the same cause was 72. In 1865 the number killed was 111. During 50 years, in which 750,000 deaths occurred in London, two only had been produced by lightning. Twenty-five per cent. of all the deaths from this cause happen to persons under trees. From this data it is evident that lightning finds more victims in the open country than in cities. There are definite reasons for this immunity enjoyed by citizens. Large towns are made up of lofty buildings, multitudes of which are covered with metallic roofs, from which tin or iron gutters lead off the rain water. They contain many churches, most of which have ostentatious spires armed with lightning rods. Private dwellings are protected in the same way, so that the city in reality bristles with metallic points, each of which, presented to the thunder cloud, discharges silently but surely, a portion of its destructive energy. This vast array of conductors grouped up within a limited area, must, of necessity, carry off the electricity of an overhanging cloud, not, it is true, as rapidly as it is generated in Nature's great laboratory, but rapidly enough to mitigate its intensity. When the bolt does fall, it lights on some one of these multitudinous points, which thus performs its wonderful office of carrying the explosion harmlessly off.

The principal points to be consulted in putting up lightning rods are the following:—That the rod should be firmly joined and continuous, and that it should enter the earth sufficiently to insure the end being always in damp ground. The number of lightning rods to a house should correspond with its size; and, where there are two rods or more, they should be connected by wires running across the roof. The points may be platina, or, to save expense, galvanized iron; for, if the iron point does not rust, it is just as good as one of gold. The rods should be fastened to the wall with iron staples, as the lightning will not leave a well-joined rod to follow the staple—and, if it would, the glass insulators, when wet, as they generally are in a storm, lose the character of non-conductors; besides, they are very liable to be broken.

If you wish to view a storm, it is safer to stand at the window with the sash closed, than with it up or open, as at least one side of the glass panes will be dry, and they will be therefore a partial non-conductor in case the lightning should dart your way. If you are naturally fearful, however, and wish to avoid even the slightest risk, you should have a tin roof to your house, and several lightning rods besides. At the coming on of a storm, you should haul your *wooden* bedstead—we have no faith in *iron* ones—into the middle of your bedroom, and place on it a thick feather bed. You should cuddle yourself up in the middle of the bed, being careful not to expose either of your hands or your feet, and request one of your friends or servants to cover you completely and entirely with a second feather bed. By pursuing these directions, you may almost insure your own life from the danger of lightning—we say nothing of the danger of suffocation—unless, indeed, it should be that "your time has come." In this latter case—and it is always liable to be the case—even metallic roofs, lightning rods, wooden bedsteads, and feather beds will not save you. For, if the Electric messenger did not find you out, he would just report the case to his brother, the Wind, and a swift tornado coming along, would hurl the heavy roof down upon your prostrate form, and crush and smother you to death before the stern growling of the thunder was well over. And, therefore, in consideration of the impossibility of escaping the inevitable, we would advise even the most timorous of our readers to rest quietly after taking all reasonable precautions against the lightning, remembering that "the hairs of your head are all numbered," and that not a sparrow falleth to the ground unnoticed by the wise Lord and merciful Father of all.

A HANDSOME CHURCH.—A sacred concert is to be given on Thursday of this week, in the Church of St. Vincent de Paul, Germantown. This church is situated on Price Street—one of the handsomest streets in beautiful Germantown—and is but a few minutes walk from the depot. The church itself—which is under the pastorate of the Rev. Mr. Dominec,—is said to be well worth seeing, being recently completed in beautiful style. A contemporary says:—

The interior has been finished with groups of painted figures, representing the Immaculate Conception, the Birth of the Saviour, the Infant Jesus seated upon the globe, &c. Back of the altar a picture, in an admirably managed light, represents the Crucifixion; the light falling from the roof of the dome brings out the figure with great power. Above this picture is seen the Resurrection.

The side panels of the walls represent the three Marys and other scenes in the life of Christ, and in the roof of the transept dome is a group representing the Trinity. The transept is also decorated with pictures of the four Evangelists and figures of Faith, Hope and Charity. Around the wall of the body of the church are the figures of the Apostles, with Christ's assumption, St. Patrick and the doctors of the church, and on the walls of the organ loft are figures of St. Cecilia and St. Agnes. The number of figures of all sizes is upwards of one hundred and sixty.

By attending the Concert on Thursday, the public will have a chance of inspecting the church, and those who may desire it, an opportunity of contributing to the expense of its erection.

IT is a remarkable and interesting fact, that a majority of the wives of the Presidents have been devotedly Christian women—a fact which has had no unimportant bearing upon the character of our Chief Magistrates, and upon the conduct of their several Administrations.

Of course! and it is not less true of the Presidents. No matter how godless and profane a politician may be, once elected President, he becomes—to believe certain authorities—a model Christian. Yes, all the wives of the Presidents, and the Presidents, too, have been devoted Christian men and women. Just the same as they all have been Temperance men and women, all poor boys and girls, all regular attenders of Church, and all remarkably free from the use of profane language. It is a curious fact—owing either to the atmosphere of Washington, or to the salary of $25,000 a year—we do not know which.

THE MORMONS.—We see it stated that Brigham Young has sent a messenger to Washington with a proposition to sell the Mormon property in Utah to the United States—the Mormons to move to some point on the Pacific.

If the Mormons are going to move at all, they had better purchase the right of sovereignty of some island in the Pacific, and move there. Then they would not be annoyed by neighbors, and would have an opportunity to develope their peculiar institutions in peace, so far as outside troublers were concerned.

THE TRIAL OF THE DANE.—In reference to this incident, in the romantic story of "The Dane," concluded this week, the author says:—

"The Danish trial on ship-board, was related to me by a gentleman of high official standing in Washington, and is true in every particular."

MISS PARR is the author of the novels published under the nom de plume of Holme Lee. —*Exchange Paper.*

If that be the case, it is evident that none of her novels can be "above par."

MRS. BROWNING.—For a denial of a recent rumor relative to Mrs. Browning, and a number of other interesting matters, see the letter of our Paris Correspondent.

A DENIAL.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—Your paper of the 9th instant contains, on the 6th page, an article headed "PRESERVES," giving an utterly false and erroneous statement about the mode of sepulture of Monsieur and Madame Necker, at Coppet, in Switzerland. Allow to the writer of this, a grand nephew of Necker, to tell the plain truth: Mr. and Mrs. Necker, as well as their descendants, are all of them buried under ground, and not immersed in spirits. The grave of each is indicated by a plain monument of stone. The curious of all countries who are attracted to Coppet by the fame of Madame de Staël, must be disappointed in their hope to see the *disagreeable sight*, as the entrance to the family burial ground, which is surrounded with a high wall of masonry, is prohibited to the public. I suppose the statement in your paper originated with such a disappointed writer.

In the hope that you will do justice to truth, I remain, with respect, your obedient

CONSTANT RILLIET.

Highland, Madison City, Ill., June 16th, 1860.

NOTE.—Lippincott's "Gazetteer of the World" says that both Necker and his famous daughter were interred in a chapel near Coppet—but as Mr. Rilliet probably knows best, the Gazetteer had better be corrected in the next edition. As to the slander about the immersion in spirits, we do not know who originated it.—*Editor of* THE POST.

IT is nonsense to say that Isaac V. Fowler has been seen at Pike's Peak. We have positive information that he is in Havana.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A Word to the Weather-Wise—Another Contradiction—French Toilets—Making Haste to be Rich—A Couple of Simpletons—A Modern Vatel—An International Challenge—An Awkward Affair.

Paris, May 31, 1860.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

Are any of your readers public-spirited enough to assist in testing the value of the curious rule for predicting the weather, mentioned in my letter of May 11th, as attracting a good deal of attention here just now, in consequence of a letter recently addressed to the Academy of Sciences, by M. Conlnck, of Havre, who says that he has been keeping a note of the weather for the last 10 months, with a view to ascertaining its correctness, and that he has found it to hold good every month so far. I beg to say, for the edification of those who, like your correspondent, take an interest in the freaks of the weather, that I began a weather journal on the first day of the present lunar month, with the intention of continuing it for a year; when I will submit its results to the readers of the Post, whose enlightened editors would no doubt extend the hospitality of its columns to the results of any similar records kept in various parts of the great Western Continent. Up to the date of this present writing, the extreme cold, heavy rains, and concomitant miseries of the fourth, fifth and sixth of the days of this current lunar month, have been daily repeated, until the unhappy Parisians are beginning to wonder whether we are to have any summer at all, and anxiously recalling some old-world prophecy which declares that in the year of our Lord, 1860, Paris is to behold the Seine frozen solid in the month of June! Winter clothes that were consigned to the recesses of wardrobes a month ago, in company with camphor and lavender, are now gladly resumed by the whole population; and people who extinguished their fires "by rule" on the 1st of April, have concluded that the classic fatality of that day has overtaken them, and that their wisest course is to re-kindle their domestic "blazes" until farther orders. Altogether, the present spring has been the most disappointing one within the memory of Frenchmen; and the summer "bids fair" (to perpetrate a Hibernianism) to be just as bad.

In my last, I transmitted to all whom it may concern, and at the request of the distinguished artist herself, a contradiction of the statement which has for some time past been going the rounds on both sides of the Atlantic, to the effect that Rosa Bonheur was intending to visit the United States. I have now to contradict, with equal certainty, the equally unfounded assertion that the contents of Mrs. Browning's last volume have been composed under "spiritual" aid, suggestion, or influence. The eminent poetess has never had any personal experience of the strange doings so much in vogue of late years; though she had, of course, an excellent opportunity of seeing some of them, as the renowned medium, Mr. 'Home, was very desirous of convincing her, when he met the Poet-couple in Rome, of the reality of his power. But he did not succeed in doing so; and though many "mediums" have made *the same attempt, no one has* been more unsuccessful. Robert Browning is known to all who know anything of him, as a most determined skeptic with regard to "spiritualism," and as one who regards the whole "spiritualist development" with contempt and disgust; and though, as a mere phenomenon, and fact of contemporaneous history, Mrs. Browning perhaps feels rather more curiosity and interest about it, it is quite certain that she has never attempted to make herself a "medium," and that she has never, in short, had anything to do with "spiritualism" in her own person. Her last poems have been written, as far as her own consciousness is concerned, exactly as all her other poems have been written, viz.: from the promptings of her own active intellect and warm affections; and whatever may be the verdict of the public with regard to their worth, the responsibility of their production does not lie at the door of the "spirits," but rests, simply and solely, with herself.

In spite of the bad weather, the races at the Bois de Boulogne, Chantilly, and other French race-courses, have been crowded to an unusual degree. The toilet of the ladies on these occasions is something astounding; and one wonders how the most colossal fortunes can support such lavish expenditure. Not only is a lady's dress enormously expensive in all its items, but those who pretend to show off in this line, make it a point never to be seen twice in the same costume. It is asserted that the most ambitious of renown in the gown and millinery line, never wear the same article more than once; others content themselves with combining their bonnets, shawls and dresses every day in a different manner, so as to avoid presenting the same combination more than once. Those who make some little attempt at economy, while pretending to the title of "*elegante*," are most ingenious in their endeavors to avoid the horror of being seen twice in exactly the same toilet. I know one lady who excels in this art. Every autumn she buys two elegant new dresses, and one ball-dress; has one new bonnet, and has the best of her old ones furbished up with new trimmings, in such a way as to make it serve for a second. When these "things" are ready, she goes off on a round of visits, devoting a few days entirely to this work, wearing exactly the same toilet on each day, unless she has reason to think that she may meet one of these friends at the house of some other one on her list, in which case she either varies her combination of bonnet, gown, and shawl, or postpones the call until she has reason to think that the common friend whom she might meet there, has left town, or is otherwise employed on that particular day. If she take the former alternative, she contrives to keep in her memory the fact that having employed a second combination in her visit to this friend, Combination First will be fresh for this particular house, should she care to repeat her call there a few weeks or months afterwards. In this way she contrives to make as many as four visits to each acquaintance every winter; wearing each of the two gowns with each of the two bonnets and the India shawl and velvet mantle. But these four combinations once exhausted, not another call would she make on either of her friends, on any consideration. The two new gowns, and the ball-dress figure in like manner at each house in the evening, the best of the last year's dresses, and the last year's ball-dress, (re-trimmed and transmogrified) figuring at the parties of the least splendid of her friends; the dressing of her hair, and her ornaments, being likewise varied on every occasion. As she cannot afford a larger stock of clothes, and would rather stay at home all the year round than go twice to the house of a friend in the same dress, she visits very little for a Parisian. This lady, who is really very intelligent and accomplished, is a painter, musician, and writer, and speaks a couple of foreign tongues, besides dabbling in Greek and Latin, keeps a mental record of all her toilets for several years past, and can tell, without effort, exactly what she wore at all the balls and parties she has attended during that time. Yet she does not seem to give any time to the keeping of this record; and is by no means the frivolous person one might naturally imagine her to be from this trait in her habits; indeed, one is often surprised at seeing how very skillfully and ingeniously the French will manage all matters of detail, without being absorbed by them, as people of a more serious stamp would inevitably be. But with all their clearness, the majority of French people spend more on show and luxury than they can well afford; and the acquisition of money is becoming, every year, more and more their ruling passion. The enormous wealth acquired of late by a few fortunate bankers and speculators has done much towards stimulating this passion for display. As long as the greatest fortunes were in the hands of a class apart, the mass of the people, being farther removed from the sphere of aristocratic grandeur, were less ambitious of imitating the dress and mode of living of the rich. Since the Minister Fould contrived to net the little sum of four millions, in a single day, by using the telegraph to frighten the *Bourse* with false news; since all the people about the present Court (most of whom were as poor as church-mice a few years ago,) have managed to make themselves enormously rich by speculations; and since so many of the bankers and journalists have so successfully built up fortunes in the same way to the tune of many millions apiece, those who are no worse off than were these "money nabobs" when they entered on their career of dubious speculation, all feel as though they, too, might very likely make themselves as rich by engaging in similar enterprises. When the general public learns, for example, that Mires, the great banker, who has made his colossal fortune within a very few years, has just married his humbly-born daughter to the Prince de Polignac, that is to say, to one of the proudest names on the list of the French peerage, and that he has insured to her, by her marriage contract, an income of 120,000 francs a-year, two carriages, horses, and servants, together with an apartment in his magnificent hotel of the Rue des Mathurins, it naturally sets them thinking that what Mires has managed to accomplish for *his* family, *they* might possibly manage to accomplish for *theirs*.

One of the numerous crowds which form so easily in Paris, assembled a few days ago at the corner of one of the streets leading into the Rue du Temple, and this crowd, it seems, was collected by the ridiculous obstinacy of a couple of well-dressed women, each encased in an ample crinoline, who had chanced to meet at a part of the pavement which is particularly narrow, and of whom neither, it appears, would give way to the other. On meeting, one of the two, stepping towards the wall, said to the other, "Pardon, Madame!"—the equivalent for "Excuse me!" which is all French mouths from morning to night—supposing that the latter would stand aside and let her pass; but the other retorted with another "Pardon, Madame!" and stood firm. "Pass, then, if you can!" returned the first, in a tone of defiance; to which the second replied, scornfully, "Oh! I am in no hurry, and can wait until you let me pass!" "As you please!" retorted the first speaker, "I also have time to wait!" And the two stood still, the crowd, of course, in this populous and busy quarter, gathering as fast as a rolling snow-ball. For a quarter of an hour did these two bundles of absurdity persist in their resolution, remaining close to each other, in spite of the jeers and jostling of the crowd, the new-comers being impatient to force their way from the circumference to the centre, in order to see what was going on. At length, on some one crying out, "But what are they doing there?" and a by-stander answering, "They are trying to see which is the most pigheaded, but they appear to be about equal in that quality!" such a shout of laughter was raised by the crowd that the two women became disconcerted, and severally turned back the way they had come. A piece of foolery which reminds one of the dispute which occurred, at the Court of Charles V., between two ladies of equal rank, as to which of them should have precedence at a reception; the matter being considered of such gravity by the master of the ceremonies that he consulted the Emperor about it, when his Majesty replied, "Let the silliest of the two come in first!"

A recent number of the *Droit*, (the journal of the criminal courts) asserts that Vatel has found a successor. According to this authority, two men employed as cooks in an eating-house of the Rue de la Monnaie, went into a neighboring wine-shop to drink, in which agreeable occupation they allowed the time to slip away unperceived. At length the clocks struck three, and the men hurried back to their restaurant, to prepare the dinners. One of the two, observing, after their return, that his companion did not make much progress with his share of the work, exclaimed joccosely, "Make haste, old fellow, it is getting late!" but scarcely had he uttered these words, when the other fell to the ground, bathed in blood, and faintly exclaiming, "I have neglected my duty! I am dishonored!" He had stabbed himself with a knife in the abdomen. He was carried immediately to the great hospital of the Hotel Dieu, where everything was done to save his life, but in vain, he shortly afterwards expired. Before breathing his last, the unfortunate cook repeated that he had purposely attempted to kill himself because he saw that he could not get his dinners ready in time! A Japanese method of getting out of a difficulty which shows the tragic importance the French attach so generally to comparative trifles, while as generally underrating the importance of matters usually regarded as much more serious elsewhere.

However, who shall pretend to decide the relative importance of the various interests which so variously excite the human animal in the various parts of our absurd little planet? When all England and all North America, (not to speak of the colonial provinces of "the Empire on which the sun never sets,") have been holding their breath in the intensity of their interest in the late "Fight for the Championship," who shall pretend to measure these matters of opinion and sympathy by the rules of reason and common sense?

Of an evidently higher character, as affording equal scope for the exercise of strength, skill, and perseverance, is the proposed International Boat-race, the challenge to which has just been sent to this country and to America by the English boaters. It is proposed to row an eight-oar race on the Thames in August next, from Putney to Mortlake, either for a large silver cup, nine smaller ones, or nothing but honor and glory, according to the wishes of the invited guests. All the crews are to be formed of *amateurs, bona fide* natives of their respective countries, and each to find their own boat, of whatever description they please, no matter how long, or of what shape; or, if preferred by the visitors, the Rowing Clubs of the United Kingdom will club together and collect a sum sufficient to provide the boats. The English clubs are about to meet, by delegation, to make arrangements for raising contributions towards the great expenses of the match, and also to offer one or two of their best oarsmen to form the crews from which the elected committee can select the picked crew, to whose skill and pluck will be confided the honor of representing the oarsmen of England. It is much to be hoped that the proposition may be carried into effect, as the interest excited by such a contest would be immense and universal, both among those who are oarsmen, and those who are not; and such peaceful struggles would clearly do much towards transforming into friendly emulation the spirit of hostile rivalry which has done so much mischief among the various nationalities in the past, and which is so far from being thus wholesomely modified at the present time.

The renowned American horse-tamer, whose arrival in Constantinople has been so circumstantially narrated by some of the veracious Oriental journals, has not, it now appears, been in that city at all, but is still in England, where he has just had a narrow escape from the vicious freaks and unusual obstinacy of a colt he was endeavoring to "break in" at Cambridge, in presence of the Prince of Wales, and other illustrious spectators. The vicious brute, "deaf to the voice of the charmer," leaped over the ring, smashed in a number of seats on the three lower tiers, and seriously injured several of the spectators. Rarey's coolness, presence of mind, and his enormous strength, were never better displayed than under these very disagreeable circumstances, and seem to have raised him even *higher* in public favor than before. The animal, which was at length secured by Rarey, and led out of the enclosure, is the first which has ever defied the tamer's power, though the latter will probably compel him to succumb before he has done with him.

QUANTUM.

Free Lovers in Honduras.—The San Francisco Times publishes the following account of the voyage of a number of reformers or free lovers from San Francisco, in search of a place to colonize in the State of Honduras. They purchased a schooner and engaged a crew, who, upon their return to San Francisco, gave these particulars to the reporter of the Times:

"The schooner Santiago, which had been purchased and fitted out by the Free Lovers, or rather by Mr. Lewelling, the chief man among them, left San Francisco on or about the 5th of October last, having on board, besides the captain and crew, a company of ten men, five women, and six or seven children, who were intended to be the pioneers of a colony of the harmonial brotherhood in the State of Honduras.

"The passengers during the voyage had their separate rooms, but spent much of their time together discussing Spiritualism, and an ism which they called 'harmonious diet.' In these discussions the women played a principal part, particularly one who dressed in the extreme of the Bloomer fashion, Mrs. T———; also Dr. T———, the fit husband of a Bloomer wife.

"The colonists proceeded to Tiger Island, their general rendezvous in the Gulf of Fonseca. Thence they made excursions to all the islands in the neighborhood, for the purpose of finding a place of settlement; but they did not suit themselves except on the main land, at a point on the Como River, about 60 miles in the interior. They had boasted that their diet would preserve them from sickness, but before the vessel left on her return, nearly all had been sick, and there was very great danger of the few who remained being exterminated by the fever of the country.

Orson Hyde on Polygamy.—The Deseret News, of May 9th, contains a communication from Elder Hyde, in relation to the Congressional Bill for the Punishment of Polygamy.—He says:

"What a 'terrible fix' some of our priestly members of Congress will be in when they die and are carried by angels to Abraham's bosom! Abraham, of course, is their father, and when they get home to his bosom and find Sarah leaning on one arm and Hagar upon the other, being in such close proximity to and so mixed up with polygamy, they may begin to tell the old gentleman of his errors, his corruptions, and his wickedness. The old father won't stand this, but administer to them a good thrashing, telling them to keep their noses clean and mind their own business. He will most likely regard all such as illegitimate children; for if they were his legitimate children, they would do the works of Abraham; and one portion of his work was to take unto himself more than one wife."

Thereupon the editor of the News says it is not a supposable case that any member of Congress who favors the bill will ever be carried into Abraham's bosom.

A "Pneumatic Despatch Company," is about to be organized in London, the members of which propose to carry on the construction of pneumatic tubes through which parcels will be conveyed from one portion of the metropolis to the other. It is proposed to lay down a complete and extended series of public lines, on a scale which will receive not merely papers and packets, but parcels of considerable bulk, including the mail bags of the Post Office between the railways and the district offices.

THE THREE WIVES.

(CONCLUDED.)

FROM THE GERMAN.

Squire Oldfield and his wife Catherine were a hearty, handsome, elderly couple, who had toiled up the hill of life together successfully, and were now, as the poet expresses it, going down it hand in hand, a kindly, honest, loving pair. After the first greetings were over, Catherine rallied her daughter, as mothers will do sometimes, on the fact of making herself scarce at the parental homestead; but, on Emma's attempting to apologize, kindly added, "Oh, I know how it is, my dear child; a young wife has something else to do than to be always running after her old mother."

"That is how the world wags, wife," said the squire; "she must leave father and mother, as the holy writing saith: but you think of us often, my child, I am sure."

So they seated themselves to the amply spread breakfast-table; and, the old gentleman declaring that his long walk had made him both thirsty and hungry, poured out a glass of wine for each of the party, and proposed "many happy returns of the day."

Now, it occurred simultaneously to our young couple, that many returns of such a morning as they had passed together would not be desirable; but instead of keeping this consciousness to themselves, and accomplishing a silent reconciliation, Alfred raised his glass with a trembling hand, and the more impulsive Emma was obliged to put her own down on the table again while she wiped her eyes. This action did not escape the notice of the worthy old man.

"What is this?" asked he; "have I offended? My son-in-law, you look embarrassed, and Emma is in tears: what has happened?"

Alfred, finding that the whole matter must come out, motioned to Hal to leave the room, and tried to explain: "It is a little matter not worth mentioning; only my Emma is a little too obstinate."

Unfortunate young man! it certainly might be said of him, on this particular morning, that he could not open his mouth without "putting his foot in it." His remark re opened the floodgates of his wife's grief, who declared that she had struggled against it in vain, but the sense of injustice in being styled obstinate, capricious, and perverse, was more than she could bear.

Great was the confusion amongst that small breakfast-party. The father said, "Hist! old wife, do not meddle in young folk's quarrels;" but the mother opined that perhaps, if they were to hear exactly how matters stood, something satisfactory might be accomplished in the way of arbitration. So the point was yielded, and Alfred was requested to tell his story. When it was ended, the young wife appealed: "There, mother! there, father! now you hear him; you can tell if I have ever been perverse."

"Well, child," said the old man, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, and a studied hesitation, "well—perhaps—no."

"Now, husband," interposed Catherine, "on do Emma wrong; she never was perverse. Be easy, dear child, do not vex yourself, it will soon be all right again."

"Ah, but he still insists that I shall say the words," sobbed Emma.

"Ah, *my* son, is it so?" asked the mother, with the faintest shade of anger in her tone.

"Pray let the matter rest," said the son.

"Let me beg of you not to spoil my breakfast," said Squire Oldfield, good humoredly; "you are a little simpleton, Emma; and you, my son, will find it as well to overlook a little self-will in a young bride. She will soon cure herself of it, like my old wife there; you see *she* exercises no contradiction—*she* fulfills my slightest wish; and if I were to ask her to say, 'Very good, the table is set,' she would say it at once."

"Indeed, I would not, though," said the elderly dame, rather sharply.

"What, not if I were to ask you?"

"Certainly not."

"Ah, wife, you are not in earnest; you would actually refuse me?"

"I would."

"Pray let us talk of something else," said Alfred.

"No," said the father, "I wish the matter clearly understood. Dear Catherine, just say once, 'Very good, the table is set.'"

"No," stoutly replied the dame.

The old man coaxed, reasoned, and at last became angry.

"Now, this is beyond a joke; will you set a bad example to your daughter by your perverseness?"

"The old story!" exclaimed Catherine; "the men always stand by each other when the question is the subjugation of women.—Even the father takes part against his own daughter."

"I take no one's part but my own," replied the accused; "what my daughter discusses with her husband is not my concern; it is with you that I have to do, and I desire you to say those words."

"How can you ask anything so foolish of your wife?"

"That is not the question, dame; I make this request as a test of obedience, just as Gessler hung up his hat for the Swiss to salute."

"And because the hat was made the subject of an absurd, foolish, and degrading command, therefore the Swiss rose up against their tyrants."

"And we," chimed in Emma, "we may also have our opinions, for we are wives, not slaves."

This very logical deduction from the example of the Tyrolese seems to have inspired fresh courage in her who originated it; and the two ladies burst forth into a double attack regarding the Turkish dispositions of their husbands, with the sentiment, "women never shall be slaves," which they sustained long after the enemy's fire had been silenced; the younger lady winding up with the declaration, "Unreasonable demands we never will obey, will we, dear mother?" and the elder confirming the matter with a resolute "Never, never, never!" like the double bar at the end of a noisy piece of music.

Victory being now decidedly in favor of the two wives, what could the husbands do but propose terms of surrender?

"This is a pretty business," said the son-in-law; "now we have the whole sex down upon us; what shall we do?"

"Dear son," replied the squire, "do as you please; I cannot permit my breakfast to be spoiled, for if I lose my breakfast, I get no appetite for my dinner, and so all goes wrong for the day."

"Only we must not yield," suggested the younger.

"Well this is a strife in which no man ever yet gained anything," replied the more experienced elder; "I foolishly allowed myself to get angry; but now my equanimity is restored, and—in fact, I want my breakfast."

While this conversation was going on in undertones, what were the victorious party whispering to each other? Were they exulting in their triumph? Not at all; and perhaps if they had been asked, they would have confessed that victory in a battle of words with a husband is only second to a defeat.

"If I could have guessed it would have come to this, I would have taken the joke at once," said Emma; "I wish I had done what Alfred asked me, but now it is too late."

"You have at least shown him," said the sympathizing mother, "that you have a will of your own, and that is something! I shall astonish my old man, too; it will be long before I make friends with him again."

"You will stand by me, dearest mother?"

"You may be sure of that, my child."

Emma sighed; perhaps she wished her mother to give a different answer, but she did not say so.

"We had better give in," said the old gentleman, to his son-in-law, looking very hard at the good things on the table.

"But what is to become of our honor?" asked Alfred.

"Bah!" cried the old man, "it is a disagreeable thing to yield, and so it is said, to touch the honor. Let us put an end to it!"

"Listen, children," continued the kind old man, turning and speaking aloud to his wife and daughter, laughing; "you are a little too steadfast in your resolutions. I must now strengthen myself by some breakfast, to carry on the battle; *happily the table is set*, and one has nothing to do but to enjoy the repast."

So saying, the old man sat down, and began to attack the substantial meal before him.

"Dear mother, shall we not also?" tremblingly suggested Emma.

"Yes, yes, of course we must not lose our breakfast."

So the three sat down to the table, for Alfred had slipped out of the room when the old man had begun his speech. He shortly returned, however, holding in his hand two handsome shawls, with which he approached his now thoroughly humbled bride.

"Dear little wife," said he, "accept a peace offering from my hands. I acknowledge that our quarrel was entirely my own fault; and as a proof of my consciousness of guilt, I beg you will take your choice of one of these shawls," unfolding and displaying them as he spoke.

Emma scarcely looked up, and when she did raise her eyes, they were full of tears—not such tears as she had shed an hour before, but proceeding from a very different source, which the reader may guess. She wished to avoid making her choice, and begged that Alfred would not ask her *now*; but he persisting, in his own determined and perverse way, "Choose, little one, choose," the victorious wife silently pointed to one of the shawls, which the vanquished husband cheerfully placed round her shoulders; and, indeed, to those who had not witnessed the progress of the battle, it would have appeared that the victory and defeat were in exactly the reverse quarters from what we know them to have been.

"I have come three parts of the way to meet you, little wife—"

What could the little wife do but answer the appeal by hiding her half crying, half-laughing face on her husbands shoulder, and whispering in his ear,

"Very good, the table is set!"

So peace was declared between those who, we hope, never allowed it to be again disturbed; and Catherine seemed meditating how best to follow her daughter's example. Looking admiringly at the other shawl, she laid her hand on her husband's shoulder with the familiar words:

"Old man!"

"Well!"

"See, now, there is yet another shawl; will you not be reconciled to me too?"

"With a shawl? nay, I cannot afford it."

"But consider," urged Catherine.

"Old wife, I hope you are more reasonable; a young bridegroom may make it up with his bride by bringing her a peace-offering; when he is as old as I am, he will do so no longer."

Hal and Bettina were now busy in attendance as the breakfast proceeded; the maiden took every opportunity of turning her back upon her fellow servant, he all the time watching her with looks of entreaty, but there was no sign of yielding in that quarter.

Alfred gaily addressed his favorite servant as he stood behind him:

"Is it all right now between you and Bettina?"

But the answer was given in profound melancholy:

"No, sir, no; she will never give in."

"Bettina *must* say the words," cried Emma; "she is the cause of all the trouble, and now she must say them."

"It is true," said the old lady; "now, Bettina, you must say them before us all as a punishment. Say the words after me—'Very good, the table is set.'"

The laughter that followed puzzled the old lady, who at first did not perceive, that she now, for the first time, had said the words herself, until her husband's triumphant shout reached her ear:

"You have said it at last, my wife!"

Catherine joined in the laugh, and acknowledged herself vanquished; and now it only remained for the still stubborn serving maiden to follow in the track.

"Now, Bettina," said her young mistress, "it is your turn; you must do as we have done."

But with much confusion Bettina turned away from Hal's entreating looks, and declared it was *impossible*.

"Do you know that I have arranged everything for your wedding in three weeks?" asked the indulgent mistress.

"Very good," demurely answered the maiden, as if it did not signify much.

"Well, well, you have said it half, now say the rest," was the universal chorus.

Bettina finding she had now no supporters, and perhaps liking the prospect of the marriage in three weeks, after the long years of courting between Hal and herself, took the courage of despair, muttered hastily "The table is set," and throwing her apron over her blushing face, fairly ran away.

Reader, this simple, trivial story, perhaps you will call it, has its moral so forcibly presented all through the course of it, that I need add none. But I will remind you of the severe things written in the book we all reverence, concerning a certain "little member," only quoting these words by way of conclusion,—"Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" Quite in the spirit of this text are the lines of one of our most musical poets:

"Alas! how slight a cause can move
Dissensions between hearts that love,
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied,
That stood the sea when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity."

THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTIONS.

The Seceders' Convention met at Richmond, and adjourned over to allow certain of its members to enter the regular convention at Baltimore.

The regular convention at Baltimore met on Monday, and adjourned over from day to day—doing very little business—until Thursday, when the Committee on Credentials made three reports. While awaiting these reports, a part of the flooring gave way, over the orchestra. The accident caused a terrible stampede, the impression being that there was about to be a general row—but the only result was the letting down of portions of the New York and Penna. delegations some three feet to the floor of the parquette.

The convention then took a recess of one hour, in order to repair damages, after which the majority report of the Committee on Credentials was ready. It recommended the admission of the original Mississippi delegation; the admission of the Soule (Douglas) delegates from Louisiana; the admission of the original Texas delegates; the admission of Messrs. Bayard and Whiteley from Delaware; the admission of Mr. Chaffey from Massachusetts; the admission of J. O. Fallon from Missouri; the admission of the (Douglas) contestants from Alabama; the admission of one half of each delegation from Georgia, each to possess the half vote of the State; but if either party refuse to take seats under these terms, then the remainder shall be entitled to the full vote. In Arkansas both sets to be admitted, with the power of the original delegates to cast two votes, and the contestants one vote; but if either refuse to take seats, then the others shall be entitled to cast the full vote of the State.

On behalf of the Minority Committee, a report was presented in favor of the admission of Mr. Hallett, of Massachusetts; of Mr. ———, from Missouri; of Bayard and Whiteley, from Delaware; of the original delegates from Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia, and Mississippi; and inviting the Florida delegates to take seats, and cast the vote of the State in the convention. The report then proceeded to say that this was a question affecting the future existence of the Democratic party. It reviewed the case, arguing against the right of the convention to declare seats vacant when the States had elected delegates to represent them. Even though these delegates had withdrawn, that withdrawal was not a resignation. There was a third report of a compromise character.

During the week there was great excitement, leading to many personal collisions. Between Col. Hindman and Mr. Hooper, of Ark.; Montgomery and the Randalls (father and son) and Mr. Dawson, of Penna.; Clancy and Ludlow, of New York; two delegates from Virginia; and two from Delaware. Mr. Robert E. Randall struck Mr. Montgomery in the face, drawing blood, and Mr. Montgomery knocked Randall down—Montgomery had refused to accept a challenge previously. The matter was afterwards amicably arranged. Col. Hindman declined accepting a challenge from Mr. Hooper, of Ark., on the ground that the latter was not his equal. The outside feeling at the convention was for Douglas.

On Friday, the vote was taken on the reports of the Committee on Credentials. The Majority (Douglas) report was adopted, by 153 to 98—New York going solid in the affirmative—with the exception of the resolution admitting both the Georgia delegations. On this question New York changed front, and the original (anti-Douglas) delegation was admitted.

A secession then began. Twenty-four Virginia delegates withdrew—leaving six remaining. Eight North Carolina delegates withdrew—six Maryland delegates—the Delegation from Oregon—nineteen Tennessee delegates, five remaining—and portions of the Delegations from California and Massachusetts.

THE NOMINATIONS.

On Saturday, the Regular Convention nominated Douglas on the second ballot by 181½ out of 194½ votes—the nomination was then made unanimous. The regular two-thirds of a full Convention is 202 votes. Seven States had seceded, one (Georgia) would not vote, and other States were represented only by portions of the delegations. Senator Fitzpatrick, of Alabama, was then nominated for Vice President. The nominations were received with immense enthusiasm by the Convention and outsiders present.

THE SECEDERS' NOMINATIONS.

The Seceding Convention had delegates present in whole or in part, from twenty-two States. Davis's, Hunter's and Dickinson's names were withdrawn and John C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, was nominated by the whole 105 votes of the Convention. Joseph Lane, of Oregon, was then unanimously nominated for Vice President. This ticket also was received with immense enthusiasm, and Mr. Yancey made a brilliant speech, saying, among other things, that since he had been voted down by Alabama on the secession question, he had not advocated Disunion.

The Convention, before making the nominations, adopted what is called the "majority platform"—made by the majority of the Committee at Charleston.

Caleb Cushing resigned the Presidential chair of the regular Convention, went on the floor as a private member, and afterwards acted as president of the Seceders' Convention. Vermont, Massachusetts, (16 delegates,) New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Iowa, Minnesota, California, and Oregon, (whole delegation,) of the Northern States were represented in the Seceders' Convention.

The Richmond Convention doubtless will adopt the action of the Seceders at Baltimore.

M. Vigier, formerly the proprietor of the floating baths at the Pont Neuf, in Paris, and now the husband of the singer, Mme. Cruvelli, has purchased Garibaldi's marine villa at Nice for the sum of $25,000.

STANZAS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Ye gentle breezes, born to roam,
That wander over earth and sea,
Have you not passed my distant home—
Have you no word from there for me?
Did you not hear as you passed by,
Some note of music soft and sweet?
Come, stop and tell me all. Oh, why
Do you thus pass with hurrying feet?

Thou little bird, so free and light,
That skims the plain with joyous wing,
Come, rest with me this blessed night,
And of my little loved ones sing.
I long to hear some word from them;
Say, canst thou see them far away?
Oh! bear to them this little gem,
Had I thy wings I'd thither stray.

Go! tell them that thy silken wing,
My latest, warmest tears begem;
And that the sweetest song you sing,
Is one that I have sung for them.
Tell them within thy sparkling eyes,
To read my love, sincere and true,
To gladness turn their mournful sighs,
And then return to me. Adieu!

HENRY REED.

Last Chance, Placer Co., California.

THE DANE.

A STORY OF THE TROPICS.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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CHAPTER XVI.

THE SINKING SHIP.—ANOTHER WARNING.—THE DANISH TRIAL.

And now they felt the wild, glorious freedom of the first hour at sea. No land was visible, yet to them the mighty solitude seemed peopled with unseen hosts, from whose unseen dwellings came the murmurings of lute-like voices.

Had mines of treasures been emptied upon the swelling floor of the waves, they could not have displayed more splendor. The red flush of rubies vied with the brilliance and flash of diamonds, and far as the eye could reach, the ocean shone as if strewn with precious stones.

They were never weary of examining the vessel, of listening to the quiet ripple of the waters under the keel, or of watching the varied glories of the heavens. And when the motion of the ship became at all disagreeable to the young bride, there was the beautiful cabin, with its couches, its library, its many contrivances for ease and comfort. She had brought her maid with her, a bright mulatto girl, full of fun and frolic; and when at a loss for amusement this merry servant was ready with song or story. Still, she did not dare to whisper it to herself, but there were shadowy forebodings in her heart—something seemed to forewarn the approach of evil. There were times when she strove to banish it, when leaning on the arm of her husband she listened to the story of his own infancy, or smiled at the portrayal of his pleasant home. Yet her dreams were startling and uneasy—most of them merely frames for the changing face of the Dane. Now it was dark, scowling and malicious—anon smiling, peaceful and so like her husband, that she thought, perhaps, for his sake, she could love it. Then came the awful dread of sudden death—*he* held a poisonous shaft ready to aim it at her heart—or forced the cup of poison to her lips. Of these strange dreams, however, she said nothing to her husband, holding her promise sacred, though the secret kept the roses out of her cheeks.

The brig was a beautiful sight when under full way, with her studding-sails alow and aloft, looking so trim, graceful and stately. For nearly three days she kept on her course without taking in a single reef. The sailors had little active work to do—the officers were indulgent, and the vessel in complete order. The men sang and chatted at their watch on deck, spinning yarns of perils at sea, and of wives or sweethearts at home.

A small, lithe, extremely agreeable man was the captain—very fair and ruddy, and possessing a cast of features displaying a disposition of great sweetness! with eyes large and nearly as passive in repose as those of an infant.—None would have thought, marking the girlish sweetness of his smile as he talked with Della, that he was capable of strong emotion or decided action. To be sure, there was a promptness and quickness in his manner and language that impressed the beholder, but almost any spectator would have pronounced him a man of only ordinary capabilities and average courage. By birth he was a Dane, but he spoke the English language with great fluency and correctness, as well as the French and Portuguese.

His crew consisted of ten men before the mast, most of whom were English and Americans, there being but two or three of his countrymen among them.

The captain was quite young, and his brother Henry—the first officer on board—almost boyish in appearance. As his name was nearly unpronounceable, he had shortened it to Graeme, or Graham, and it was by this latter cognomen that he was well known in the British West India Islands.

"This is unusual weather, Captain Graham," said the professor, on the morning of the fourth day.

"Will it be so bland all the way?" queried Della, "or is this what you call a weather-breeder?"

She stood leaning against her husband, her hand in that of her father.

"I fear it is the latter," replied the captain, casting his eye anxiously upward; "we Danes are somewhat superstitious," he added, laughing lightly, "and I saw last night something that I took to be ominous of an approaching storm."

"Pray tell us what it was!" asked Della.

The captain was on the point of replying, when at a slight sign from the professor, who felt the fair arm within his tremble, he desisted.

"Oh, only an appearance in the sky that betokened a strong blow. The wind freshens, Mr. Graham," he added, seeing the first mate coming; "what do you think of the weather?"

"I should judge a storm is brewing," replied the young man, "and if those white caps there tell the truth, it will be on us without much warning."

The captain turned—his countenance changed.

"Yes, yes. I see—we can't be too soon," he muttered; "take in all the light sails—reef down your topsails—we shall have a hard time of it before night."

"How damp the wind is!" said Della; "there's a black cloud—it has surely come within the moment."

"The horizon has been changing for some time," replied the professor; "this breeze will be too much for you; we had better go below."

"Oh, no! please let me stay here and enjoy the storm," pleaded Della.

At that moment one of the sailors passed her to take his place at the wheel. Della must have caught sight of some evil glance, for she shuddered, uttered a low, half-stifled cry, and, clutching her husband's arm, exclaimed—

"I cannot stay—I find the motion of the vessel is getting unpleasant; let us go below *immediately!*"

He, attributing her emphasis to illness, turned with her, and together they entered the cabin.

As the hours passed, the storm increased at a fearful rate, and by night its fury had deepened into a tempest. Della lay upon one of the cabin lounges, well secured, very pale, but quite calm. Her husband was constantly at her side with reassuring words. The vessel leaped like a mad creature, and the roaring of the winds added to the fearful straining of timbers, the shouting of the captain through his trumpet, the wild dash of the waters, the tramp of heavy feet, the hoarse, replies of the men, and that rattling sound forever going on, as if tons and tons of heavy chains were being swept from side to side of the deck, made a fearful crashing accompaniment to the choruses of the gale.

All night long the men worked as for their lives, and not until near evening of the second day was there a gradual subsidence of the wind, a less furious onslaught of the waves.—The good ship had behaved nobly, the captain said—the worst was over, and by the following day they might look for comparatively fair weather.

It seemed a strange announcement to Della, for she could realize but a slight difference in the motion of the vessel, and the wild, despairing cries of the waves, as they were coming on, made her almost hold her breath.

Oh, this is easy sailing to what it has been," said the fair little man, smiling as he spoke.—"Old Neptune is holding up capitally, giving us a good breathing spell after his rough usage. We shall see in the morning."

It proved as he said. The wind still blew very heavy from the northwest, but the clouds had broken, and the sun gave long, glad glances through their rifts, cheering every heart with its beautiful smile.

Suddenly, as they were securing some of the rigging that had been loosened, the man on the look-out shouted, "sail ho!"

"Where away?" answered the captain.

"About two points on the weather bow, and in distress, I should judge," was the reply.

"Jump aloft, Mr. Graham, and see what you can make her out!" said the captain, addressing the chief mate, who sprang into the main rigging, and was soon on the topsail yard levelling his glass at the stranger.

It was full five minutes before he returned to the deck, and going aft, reported that the stranger was water-logged, with a signal of distress flying, which he observed had been lowered *three times*, and that she appeared to be settling fast.

"Lowered her signal three times, you said," replied the captain, turning pale; "then we must save her."

"It will be at the risk of our lives, sir," returned the mate, "if we do."

"It will be at the risk of my peace of conscience, eternally, if we don't," said the captain, firmly. "Shake the reefs out of the topsails, and set the to'gallant sails and fore staysail, Mr. Graham; we must rescue these poor fellows, and as it will be impossible for a boat to live in a sea like this, the only chance is to run her by the board."

"But, captain, our lives are—"

"Not worth preserving, if we cannot risk them in a good cause," said the captain, quickly. "It must be done, it shall be done!" he added, a look of lofty courage changing completely the aspect of the man. His soft eyes now flashed a resolute fire, his lips grew firm, and his brow god-like. "What say you, Mr. Professor?" he cried, turning as the latter came on deck; "yonder is a wreck to which some of our fellow-beings are hanging, exposed to death at any moment. Shall we try to save them?"

"In God's name, yes!" exclaimed the professor.

"We will!" shouted the captain; "give the orders, Mr. Graham—there's not a moment to lose!"

He was obeyed.

The brig soon felt the increase of canvas, and stood out nobly for the sinking ship, doing battle with the yet furious waves, until they came in near view of the dismantled vessel.—It was a heart-rending sight. She was a merchantman—her foremast had gone to the top—her fore-yard, main, mizen and topgallant masts were gone, and the only sails standing were the mainsail and spanker. A disconsolate group of men could be seen huddled together on the topgallant forecastle, their attitudes expressive of hope, horror and despair, alternately, as the wreck threatened every moment to submerge them.

An addition was made to the man at the wheel in the person of Mr. Halsey, the second mate, and most experienced sailor on board. With many dubious shakes of the head, with many and firm compressions of the lip, but over all an expression of stern resignation, he took the place assigned him.

"Stand by your braces, men! When I give the order jump with a will, my hearties, for everything depends upon the speed that these sticks can spin round," said Mr. Graham, addressing himself to the crew.

"Aye, aye, sir!" was the hearty response, while even the swirling, maddened waters leaping and gyrating seemed to add their voices to the reply.

"Ease her off a very little, Mr. Halsey," cried the captain—"there! so! keep her so a few minutes."

They were now drawing frightfully near the sinking ship. The sun shone out luridly, and tinged the sailors faces a blood-red, while the clouds, now gathering—anon scattering, gave gloom and a horrible grandeur to the scene. In another moment they swung to the windward of her and right across her bows, so near that they could read the agony on the faces of the men, who, kneeling and clinging, with uplifted hands, shouted and sent to heaven the wildest prayers.

"Starboard, Mr. Halsey! starboard, quick, sir," shouted the captain, his face bloodless, his attitude heroic—"let her loose her way now, Mr. Graham—back your main topsail only for a moment, and stand by to brace up again in a hurry!"

Orders were now given for lines to be ready over the bows of the brig—the men were almost breathless as they saw in what a sea they might shortly be engulphed, for the brig was beginning to feel her deadway—drifting faster, closer, closer yet to the very jaws of destruction, till she was within a few feet of the rapidly sinking ship.

"Stand by to jump lively, lads!" almost shrieked the captain, his very lips bloodless with the excitement of the moment, and addressing the now panting, wildly staring group on the wreck;—one moment more—the air was darkened—the strongest there shut their eyes and gasped a prayer—there was a spring—a quiver of the vessel as the wrecked men, nerved to desperate strength leaped to the forward deck, while the noble brig went by, grazing the sinking, quivering mass that seemed almost gigantic.

"Hard a port now, Mr. Halsey—quick's your play! Brace up sharp fore and aft!" shouted the captain, his lips twitching as if in pain, as his straining eyes calculated how many seconds were left them.

The vessel, feeling the sudden effect of the filled canvas, shot by, and had scarcely cleared twice her length when the wreck pitched forward, and with a sound—a terrible sound on the ocean—like distant thunder, disappeared in the awful abyss below.

"Saved!" shouted the captain, almost sinking against the rail, his slight frame shivering—but an expression in his eye that it is glorious to see if only once in a life time. The sailors looked proudly towards him. Their faces caught the glorious fire, and with a simultaneous shout, they cried,

"Three cheers for our brave captain!" while the survivors, some with tears of joy, others with cries of gratitude, crowded around the noble fellow.

During a part of this exciting hour, Della had stood near the door of the cabin supported by her husband and father, watching the struggle with most intense eagerness, her hands clasped, a bright crimson spot on either cheek, and her eyes shining through tears. Now as shout after shout went up, the glow deepened on her cheek, and she regarded the captain with glances of admiration. The latter essayed to enter the cabin; she stood aside to give him room, and in doing so encountered a glance that curdled her blood.

"Della, my love, I must know the meaning of these frequent shudderings," said the professor, as with a cry she shrank nearer to his side.

"Oh! don't ask me," she murmured, "I have promised."

"It is not possible, dearest, that you still allow your mind to revert to that miserable fellow," he said, with something like indignation in his face.

"Oh! I *must* tell you, my husband—there—there is somebody here—a man—who—who frightens me! If it should be he!"

"My dear wife—this is childish," replied her husband, fearful that her intellect might be giving way. "I will go immediately to the captain—and—"

"Not for the world!" whispered Della, "there—that is he talking with one of the rescued sailors; look cautiously."

The man designated had more than once attracted the attention of the professor. He was a finely built person, with jet black hair, beard and moustaches, and a worsted cap which he wore was pulled close down to his eyes. As the professor gazed, the man did seem to take on the appearance of Manuel, in a degree—that is, there was that certain air about him by which we recognize persons, though they are altered by travel and exposure.

"Why, my dear," said the professor, uneasily, "that appears to be one of the best sailors aboard. Manuel knew nothing about sailing a ship. Set your fears at rest, and if he annoys you by too free glances, you can remain in the cabin, which he never enters."

He was by no means satisfied in his own mind, however, but taking an early opportunity he spoke to the captain concerning this personage. From him he learned that the man shipped at Georgetown as an able seaman, that though he seemed acquainted with the ropes, he yet appeared to be above his calling. It is needless to say that Professor Vance now watched the sailor narrowly, and became at last convinced that he himself was an object of deep and malignant interest to the suspected man.

On the following day the captain entered the cabin, pale and intensely excited. He held his broad palmetto hat in one hand, and his eye was fixed on the under part of the wide brim. Calling for the professor, he said to him in a low, excited voice,

"What do you think is the meaning of this, sir? I found this sentence in Portuguese this morning written on my hat."

"Eat no dinner 25th of July."

"That's to-day. It must have been written by Francesco, the steward's boy—he is the only Portuguese on board."

"Good heavens!" cried the professor—"the villain!"

"What mean you, sir?" queried the captain.

"Your pardon—I cannot tell you just at present. Let us dispose of the dinner to-day in some manner—pretend we have eaten it, and fall violently ill. As an extra indulgence let the second mate and the survivors of the wreck be invited to dine—they also to be initiated and to pretend sudden illness. Will you follow this advice, hasty and unusual as it seems? I think I may promise that you will not regret it."

"Certainly," said the captain; "I have every confidence in you. But I confess I am utterly confounded."

"But I am not," muttered the professor, "I am past all astonishment at the deeds of that scoundrel. I will arrange with my servant to bring one of your sailors (whom I have every reason to suspect is the originator of this diabolical scheme, and has bribed the cook, who has not any too much brains,) into the cabin. You must be ready for him. If we can capture him without shedding blood, so much the better."

"But what proof have you?" queried the captain, anxiously.

"Strip off his false beard and false hair—there will be proof enough, I fancy. If not, I will show you that I could lodge him in prison on a charge of murder the first day we land."

"Horrible! horrible!" muttered the captain, but he followed the directions of the professor with the utmost precision. All who were let in the secret performed their part to admiration. Fortunately they did not need to apprise Della, who was ill that day, and confined to her state room.

The suspected sailor was lured into the cabin. Seeing its inmates apparently in great and helpless agony, he was unprepared for the spring of the captain, who, holding his arms with almost superhuman strength, called upon the professor to strip him of his disguise. Another moment and Manuel stood fully revealed. His eye glared with demoniac hate—his set teeth and white curling lip gave him the aspect of a fury, but he was strangely quiet. The captain, feeling his form relax, was not prepared for the movement that ensued. Suddenly freeing himself with a powerful wrench he sprang from the captain's grasp, thrust his hand in his vest—there was one sharp, white flash, and Professor Vance fell to the floor a dead weight.

"Do what you will with me now—I am revenged!" was the fierce, mad cry, as instantaneously he was held by a dozen hands that would have torn him limb from limb but for the captain.

Amid the uproar arose one wild unearthly shriek. Mr. St. Lemoine appeared with Della lying like a corpse upon his bosom. He rushed for the deck with his unconscious burden, and his cheek was as white as hers.

"Stop!" cried Captain Graham, as the men consulted together how to dispose of the murderer. "Danish trial! Danish law. Tie him securely—meanwhile to the wounded man. I fear he is dead, poor gentleman!"

Professor Vance was carried to his state-room by his own servant, who wept like a child. The wound was in the upper part of the chest, and had probably caused instantaneous congestion of the lungs. It bled but little, and the ball had apparently lodged short of the back.

"He'll never speak again," said the captain, when he had ascertained that there was no pulsation, and the features had changed into the immobility of death. Lay him out decently—I wish we could keep him—but we are eleven days from port, and the weather is unfavorable. My men will not be easy while there's a corpse on board. Tell the sailors to be ready for the service, and the trial, this afternoon at five."

Drop we a veil over the awful grief of Della St. Lemoine. Happily, much of her time she was unconscious. Her father was her sole attendant—he would allow no other person to minister to her, not even her own maid.

At four o'clock a table was placed amidships—an order given to heave the main topsail back, and the men were summoned to the service. The body, dressed in a suit of black, was laid along a plank, and not sewed up as in ordinary cases.

Perfectly placid, the noble face lay upturned to the smiling day. The men were dressed in their best and drawn up in a body. A large Danish Bible lay at the feet of the corpse. Della, weak as an infant, and marble pale, had not left her state-room, and her father kept ceaseless vigil at her side.

The captain, with slow, firm tones, read the burial service, until he came to the words—"we commit this body to the deep,"—when he paused, and looking round, said, "Bring the prisoner."

Manuel was dragged towards him—for he sullenly refused to move. His hands were securely bound—his feet partially.

"Place him here," said the captain, indicating the place by a motion of his hand, and turning with a shudder from the cold, steel-like eye.

"Prisoner!" he said, sternly and solemnly, "if not guilty of the deliberate murder of this man—lay your hand upon the Bible before you—and swear thus"—here he repeated the most terrible form of an oath.

Manuel stood unmoved, save that his face grew whiter.

"The prisoner is guilty," said the captain, and lifting a Danish law-book, he read that which made his hardy countrymen turn pale—the sentence of death, which, rendered in English, ran thus:

"The prisoner shall be bound face to face with his victim, and thus, the living and the dead, secured together, shall be launched into the deep. May God, in His infinite goodness, have mercy on his soul!"

One moment of awful suspense—one cry for mercy—the two were thus horribly united—the plank was placed over the side—the cords that bound the hands and feet of the murderer were severed—one dull, dead plash—one hollow shriek——

"Brace your yards round!" was the order.

The men were glad to obey the command, but a gloomy silence reigned. Word was sent to Mr. St. Lemoine that all was over. Della was sunk in the deep sleep of exhaustion, and heard nothing, but St. Lemoine bent his head, murmuring,

"Poor Vance—God rest his soul!"

CHAPTER XVII.

RISEN FROM THE DEAD.—A MYSTERY SOLVED.

A lady attired in the deepest mourning sat in the parlor of a splendid suite of rooms in the first hotel of the Empire City. One would scarcely have recognized in that white cheek, that large, wistful eye—that patient, waiting expression of the whole face, in the meek, dejected attitude, in the listless air and folded hands—the peerless beauty of Della St. Lemoine. When she arose, with how weary a langnor she seemed to move! Now looking from the draped window upon the busy, crowded street—now lifting a book or a paper, and placing them impatiently back again—then seating herself, bending her head upon her hand, to think.

"Who could the lovely, stricken West Indian be?" was the wondering query of all New Yorkdom. From her sable dress, her sorrowful face, it was conjectured she must mourn the loss of a husband. But very few knew the griefs of her private history, although she had been in the city for several months. Whenever she went abroad, attended solely by her father, who, during his solicitude about her, had seemingly forgotten his own infirmities—a curious crowd congregated on the steps of the hotel, and there gazed after the retreating carriage.

"He paid like a prince," the host said, "and must be at the very least a millionaire."

For awhile Della sat silent, swaying her body gently to and fro—at last she said, in a grief-broken voice—

"Oh! if I could only forget!"

Most plaintive—though most musical was that sad exclamation.

"His image is always—always in my thought! Oh! my husband! my husband—murdered!"

A low, wailing voice, shaken with agony, was that with which she spoke the dreaded word—and the twine of her fingers grew like chiselled stone.

"I feel as if slowly, surely—I am dying," she cried, lifting herself toward the mirror.—"The doctors say I must go back—that I need my native air. I will never go back again—alone—never! Better a grave among strangers. Oh! this restless, burning thought! it is consuming me."

"Madam."

She turned. A servant stood within the door. On the delicate, silver chasing of the tray in his hand lay a small billet edged with black. She received it with eagerness.

"Father," she cried, hurrying into a small side room where Mr. St. Lemoine was writing—"a note from—from—*his* foster mother. Shall we go?"

"By all means, my darling," replied her father, whose sole joy it was to see one ray of her old interest in face or eye—"go, by all means. She is a pleasant little woman, that Mrs. Vance."

"She—loved him," said Della, with a low voice and reverent folding of the hands.

Not long after, the carriage drove up to a modest yet elegant mansion in the upper part of the city. Della had been there several times before, and as she entered she was met by a mild looking little personage, also attired in deep black, who folded her mutely to her heart and then led her into her own room.

There was much interchange of tender thought that long autumn afternoon. Sometimes Della would move to a portrait covered with white crape, throw aside the delicate folds, and there, standing, the tears would roll piteously down her pale cheeks. And Mrs. Vance, her lip trembling, would murmur—

"My noble boy!"

Then Della would sit beside her and beg to hear some little incident of his childhood—or go to his room up stairs, which the widow kept sacred. There were his plants, tended with the most loving care—there the mosses he had dried, the birds he had loved and petted tenderly—pictures of his own composition, little models that bespoke his wonderful variety of talent—and there, too, was his library of select volumes—a mine of true gold.

"This was his favorite resort," said the widow. "It seems as if I could see his bright face, as he used to look up and say, "come in, mother—*you* won't disturb me."

A summons came to the widow, and Della was left alone to muse on the sad recollections which alone were left her. Some time had elapsed when she heard a hurried footstep on the stairs, and her father entered. There was a strangeness, even a wildness in his manner, that startled her from her reverie almost unpleasantly. He came forward—drew her fondly to his side—appeared on the point of speaking, then passed his arm about her, and began to walk toward the door.

"Father! why do you tremble so?" she asked, a little fear in her voice.

"Tremble, do I, Della? that is strange—but then joy unnerves one."

"Joy, father!" the voice was a touching reproof.

"Della, my dear child?" cried the widow, bursting into the room, both hands raised—then she paused as abruptly—tears on her cheeks, smiles on her lips—gazing in a singularly rapturous way from Mr. St. Lemoine to his daughter.

"What is it?" cried Della—"father, is my brain turning? Oh! tell me; I am faint with fear."

"Darling," said the widow, "what shall I say to you?"

She came forward and embraced Della tenderly in her arms.

"Can you bear a great, great joy! So great that nothing in this world can equal it?"

Della, her eyes dilated, her cheek blanched, gazed eagerly in the face of Mrs. Vance.

"A great joy!" she said, softly, "a great joy!" She turned to her father, adding—"she thinks *I* shall know joy again!"

"What shall we say to her?" asked Mrs. Vance, tearfully.

"Tell me I shall soon meet him—in heaven; *that* will comfort me," she said, gently.

"But, my child, suppose—" Mr. St. Lemoine began, but paused, unable to go on.

"Yes, suppose—" faltered Mrs. Vance, "your husband—my—son—"

Della started back—"Suppose," she repeated, breathlessly—"suppose!—what! that he—that—that *my* husband—oh! no—no—no—what folly!" and she lost for a moment the blank, bewildered look that had come over her face—"I saw him—dead—dead! I felt his heart—it had ceased—ceased forever. I put my lips to his—oh! they froze mine so that I have never smiled since. Why has this memory been dragged up fresh before me?" and as she spoke she broke forth into a piteous burst of tears.

"It will do her no harm now!" said Mrs. Vance, questioningly.

"No—tell him to come," was the reply, and Mr. St. Lemoine braced himself up, and stood with folded arms, compressed lips, and heaving chest, as if awaiting the termination of some fateful tragedy.

The door opened, and there entered, white and changed, but real and living, Professor Vance.

"Della, for God's sake be calm," said Mr. St. Lemoine, as with lips apart, arms raised, and eyes frightfully enlarged, she stood, turning slowly towards the spirit, as she deemed it. Not long, however—this fearful tension of all the faculties would have ended in madness, if her name had not been spoken—and with a wild, prolonged, unearthly cry, she rushed into his arms, and lay panting, quivering from head to foot, faint and pallid, upon his bosom.

"My love! my dear love!" was all he could say, as he lavished kisses upon her.

"It *is* a dream," whispered Della, struggling gently to lift herself.

"No dearest—no dream; God be forever praised!"

"*Am* I awake, father? *is* it real?" she asked, turning her eyes toward him. "If it *is* real—if it is *no* dream—then why do you cry? why don't you be happy?"

"Come, Della, stand up and look at me; make yourself sure," said the professor, fearing more from this unnatural calm, than if she had lost all consciousness. She allowed herself to be placed a little way from him—she ran over every feature of his face with eyes into which a slow delight was coming. She pushed back the thick, dark hair, as with faltering voice she exclaimed, "how could you look so like and yet so unlike?" and shivered again.

"Never mind, Della, darling—see, you set *me* to trembling now;" and he held out his hand. "But, come, tell me—do you think it is in reality me?"

Her only answer, the sweetest a wife can make, was to nestle fondly against his bosom again.

All that day, and the next, Della was in a state of excitement that seriously threatened her health if not her brain. It was several days, nay weeks, before she was able to listen to the wonderful story of his escape. She had never alluded to it; now, as she sat by the side of her husband at their hotel, she quietly requested him to tell her all; "and—and—what became of *him*?" she added, almost in a whisper.

"We were picked up, dearest, some time after—of course, I know not how long—by a vessel bound to the West Indies.

"He—Manuel—" here the professor seemed unaccountably agitated; and Della trembled at the name; "being a remarkably agile man, used the only privilege that was accorded him—that of swimming as he best could. It must have been an awful situation—but you are faint, Della, I must stop."

"Don't mind me if I change color," said Della; "I can't help it; but do tell me all. I can bear it, sitting close beside you—knowing that you are *not* dead."

"A vessel coming down, spying something strange in the water, sent a boat out and took us in. Manuel's struggles had doubtless opened my wound, for I felt the most frightful sensations on coming out of what must have been a deathlike swoon, and which under ordinary circumstances, would have been ultimately an entire suspension of life. My wound was bleeding. I heard the exclamations around me as I was taken to the cabin after being unbound. As soon as I could speak, I told them that I had been wounded by a pistol shot. Happily a surgeon was on board, the brother of the Captain's wife—young, and eager to try his professional skill. The ball was extracted, and I just escaped with my life. When I recovered sufficiently to venture out on deck—I saw Manuel. He eyed me with curious looks—no longer stealthy or defiant, but shrinkingly, and with a terribly nervous apprehension in his manner. His fine dark hair was nearly changed to gray; and there were marks of anguish on his face which a thousand years could not wear out. I pitied him—the poor victim of his own passions; my pity was mingled with abhorrence, but I said no word to accuse him. At last, before we entered port, he was taken alarmingly ill. Della, I put the broadest construction on our Saviour's injunction—do good to those who despitefully use you—I nursed him."

"Oh! how could you?" cried Della.

"Something impelled me to pity the miserable being, guilt-stained as he was. Oh! Della, I have been thankful"—he broke down for a moment, unable to continue, and hid his face in his hands, but after a moment resumed his narrative.

"When we arrived in Demerara, he was still in a pitiable state, weak as an infant, overwhelmed with remorse, and as I thought, fast sinking into death. I did not give him up there, as he thought I would—nay, as he once advised me to; I immediately looked up a vessel, homeward bound; by great good fortune found one ready to start, and transferred Manuel in the night, aboard. The Captain knew me, for it was the very one with whom I first sailed to the West Indies.

"Well, my love, Della, I brought him to New York."

"He—is—not—dead—then?" gasped Della, rising in affright; "oh, my husband! I shall never have peace while he lives."

The professor drew her tenderly towards him.

"Hear me to the end, Della, and then judge whether I did right. I wish I could spare you the knowledge of what is coming, but as an honest man, I must not. Listen then—sit down—look up in my face—just that way—thank you, love.

"I brought him to New York; I took him to my botanical rooms, of which I have two, in the lower part of the city, had a bed made for him, and procured a servant to attend him.

"One day when I went in, he pointed to a picture of my mother—my *own* mother, Della, not Mrs. Vance, and begged me to take it down.

"'It haunts me,' he said, 'it seems as if my mother'—and oh! how convulsively he wept and shuddered as he said those two words!—'were accusing me of my crimes from morning till night.'

"'Who was your mother?' I asked.

"'I just remember a face like that,' he replied; 'I suppose my mother was drowned. I was very young, little more than an infant, and was thought to be dead for some time by those who rescued me. My father's corpse drifted to the shore. Letters were found on his body; they were in Danish. I left them in the West Indies.'

"His story was frightfully like my own. I, also, was saved from a wreck; my father and mother, and as I was led to believe, a little brother, not three years old, were lost in a tempest."

His voice broke down, and for a few moments he sat silently contending with his almost overpowering emotion.

At last he spoke again.

"You may judge, my Della, what were my emotions, when on asking for his real name, as left in the Danish letters—I heard—my own."

The professor bowed his head in his hands again. Della, thrilled with a sweet sympathy—with horror too, from head to foot—could only gaze on him in silence. At last he felt her two hands unlocking his—there were no tears in his eyes, but a strong man's anguish was written in his ashy cheeks.

"Did you tell him?" whispered Della.

"I told him," replied the professor, in a husky tone; "I also found a mark which I had often heard my mother speak of, for I was a large lad then. It was a red line, as if a string had been tied tightly round his left arm. Oh, Della, how I suffered then! I prayed God that he might die—I could not help it, in my agony. Brother, as he was—was he not a—"

"Do not speak it, my husband," said Della, with white lips, "wait till you are better. I am so sorry for you, my poor, suffering husband. Your lot was so widely different, you know."

"Yes, these dear people have been like the kindest of parents," murmured the professor.

After a pause, Della ventured to ask what Manuel said.

"Oh, Della, don't ask me; it is too much;" and starting, the professor paced the floor till he was calmer. "Forgive me, my darling," he said, "but the recollection of what he did and said then, almost overpowers me; I could not go through with the recital. I took the picture away, which I had caused to be painted from a small locket—and—he has been sinking ever since."

"He is living now!" exclaimed Della, awe-struck.

"Yes, but just living. Alas! the knowledge is hard for me—but if I have been the means of causing him one hour's repentance, only, before he goes to the bar of God—I am glad—yes, glad. May God have mercy on him."

"How does he look?" asked Della.

"You would not know him. Thin and feeble—his eyes sunken far back—his hair nearly white. He confesses the murder of poor Warren; but the sickness during which M. Bernard died, he declared he knew nothing about—except that it was a virulent fever—but he attempted M. Bernard's life twice.

The diabolical plan on shipboard he concocted; seeing us entirely in his power, he thought to end our lives, and his mad jealousy. But, oh! it is heart rending to witness his remorse. I pity him, while I tremble at his deeds—for the most horrible visions seem to surround his bed."

At that moment came a messenger.

Manuel had just died.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HAPPINESS AGAIN.

After the strange restoration of the professor, Mr. St. Lemoine turned his attention to the widow Vance, and so successfully, that she consented to become his wife. The bridal tour over, they sought the beautiful home of the tropics, where, after touching at nearly all the islands, they once more took possession of the Everglades.

The new wife was in raptures: everything about the place bore the marks of careful improvement; and though it caused Della to tremble when she recalled old scenes—she no longer feared, either with a natural or superstitious dread. Manuel had confessed that by ingeniously contriving one of the panels, contiguous to Della's chamber, while she was away with her maid, he had gained access there, and personated the ghost—that he had lured Della into the forest through the writing on the strip of bark; and that he had made his escape by the panel, when arrested.

The professor was received in the colonies as one from the dead, and the story was repeated till the Everglades teemed with visitors like a great hotel. Everybody had heard of the awful tragedy, but when they asked after Manuel—what had been done with him, etc., etc., the answer was, simply—"he died before justice overtook him."

Banquets were given as once before; but now, without that fearful looking forward to evil that had ever accompanied them.

The nephew of his excellency, the Governor, had partially recovered his health, and was engaged to a fair young girl in England; and Earl Tracy was still seeking a wealthy bride, though he was sadly broken down.

Among the papers belonging to Manuel, the professor found the two Danish letters. Unfortunately their contents were nearly obliterated, and little could be made out—nothing to his advantage, except the name—which was indeed his own.

The past, after a time, was never alluded to. Della grew bloomingly beautiful again, and the Everglades was never deserted for a permanent home elsewhere.

In an English burying-ground, stands a shaft of pure marble; and cut deep into its polished side are the words—

UNTIMELY DEATH!

LIEUTENANT WARREN—aged 22.

[THE END.]

A LOVE STORY.

Oh! lay that dreary book away,
And list to me, oh! list to me!
While wanes the purple of the day,
A story I will tell to thee.
Lay not the book away in ruth,
With longing look or sorrowing sighs;
You know you'd rather read the truth
Within the iris of my eyes.

The swift air murmured silver clear,
A moment since, "She comes to thee;"
Your pulses told you I was near,
So don't pretend you do not see.
My brief, brief story, never rare,
Is only sweet, as it is true;
Oh! don't pretend you do not care,
While all the while you know you do!

For from the balmy warmth of spring,
A fancy flashed in ruby gleams—
"You'd teach my heart a deeper thing
Than it had ever dreamed in dreams."
Well, I have learned your lesson now—
Have learned it all—oh, look and see!
The sweet, brief lesson, in your vow,
You said your heart should teach to me.

Men, eager in their quest for power—
For fame—to live forevermore,
Will always use a vagrant hour
To teach a woman love's sweet lore.
But praise of nations sounding far,
Acclaim that pierces aisle or dome,
Is never dear as voices are,
Which tell them they are loved at home.

'Tis hardly worth your while to-day
To look so very, *very* wise;
You'll lay that dull old book away,
To read the story in my eyes.
To list the story on my tongue—
The one you wish to hear from me,
The story sweet, if said or sung,
I love but thee—I love but thee!

$500 PRIZE STORY.

DANESBURY HOUSE.

BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTER," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

CHAPTER XII.

MRS. DANESBURY. THE WEDDING.

The rich tints of autumn were already tinging the trees, for October had come in, and the ground trod crisply under Isabel Danesbury's feet, as she walked briskly along to the house of Mrs. Philip Danesbury, a compact, white villa, standing in the midst of an ornamental garden. Isabel found the Miss Hebers out, and her aunt alone.

"I will take off my shawl, aunt," she said; "I am come to stay the day with you. Things were cross at home."

"Meaning Mrs. Danesbury, Isabel."

Isabel nodded. She sent her things away by a servant, and sat down by the fire, which began to look cheerful in the autumn weather.—Mrs. Philip Danesbury thought that her face wore a peculiar look of sad care. Her marriage was drawing near, and would be celebrated ere the month was out.

William Danesbury had returned home in the beginning of September for good, and Lionel, who had come down for a few weeks' holiday, was also at home.

"Has Lord Temple left, Isabel?"

"He left after breakfast this morning. He comes down again for a day or two next week, and then not again until—"

Isabel had answered without looking up, in an abstracted sort of manner, her gaze fixed on the fire. She brought her sentence to an end without concluding it, and then burst into a sudden flood of tears. Mrs. Philip could scarcely speak for concern.

"Child, what is this? Is anything amiss between you and Lord Temple?"

"No, no, aunt. I believe it is the contrast my own individual happiness presents to other troubles, looming in the distance, that makes me so sad. Aunt, it is about the boys. I fear they are going all wrong; I fear both William and Lionel have taken to drink deeply. They drink a great deal at dinner; papa, you know, takes very little wine, Reginald takes more than papa, but not so much as they do; still, it is not what they take at dinner, if it ended there, but afterwards they go out, and I am sure they get more."

Mrs. Philip Danesbury mused.

"What a pity that they go out after dinner! Why does not your mamma strive to give them some home attraction?"

"Oh, aunt, there it is! there it is where I feel that all is wrong. They may have acquired a habit of taking too much in town, but we ought to try and prevent them doing so, now that they are at home. And, instead of being helped out of their bad ways, they are being driven on in them. They are, indeed. Mamma *will not* make home sociable for them, ask her as we will. They have wished her, three or four times, to have friends in the evening, and she will not."

"Ah!" groaned Mrs. Philip, "if your own dear, judicious mother had but lived! Young men must have evening society, and young girls, too, and there's no earthly reason why they should not. How goes the old rhyme, Isabel?—'All work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy.' Keep up your sons too strictly, deny them pleasant evening hours at home, and they will inevitably seek for such elsewhere. Then, in nine cases out of ten, they lose themselves. Mrs. Danesbury ought to see this."

"But she cannot—will not; she makes home a dull, miserable place. We never hear anything more cheerful in the house, than complaints of her headaches, and orders that we should be still. I do not like to speak against Mrs. Danesbury, aunt, but I cannot but see that my brothers are not dealt with as they ought to be."

"Headaches!" contemptuously returned Mrs. Philip; "for headaches, read a querulous temper, an ill-conditioned frame of mind. That is how it has been with Mrs. Danesbury!"

Isabel need not have apologized for speaking her mind, for certainly Mrs. Danesbury was a most ill-judging woman. A few mornings before this conversation, Lionel had gone to her, and, leaning over her chair in his good-tempered way, said he wanted to ask her a favor.

"Well, what is it?" she returned.

"I want you to have the Boyds and the Rogers this evening."

"How can you be so unreasonable?" retorted Mrs. Danesbury. "The house is upset with the fuss kept up for Lord Temple, without the trouble of bringing other people into it!"

"It can all go into the same fuss," jokingly returned Lionel.

"But where's the trouble of having half-a-dozen folks to tea, and giving them a sandwich after it and a glass of wine? If there is any trouble, hand it over to the servants, there are enough of them. Now, do, there's a good mother; we never have a soul here; we might as well be shut up in a monastery. I'll go and secure them; I want something to do this morning."

"I tell you, Lionel, I can't have them, and I won't be teased," was the reply of Mrs. Danesbury. "Rubbish about a monastery! The least noise or excitement gives me the headache. I can't have visitors, and that's enough."

Lionel flew into a passion. Though naturally sweet tempered, he could be provoked to passion on occasions. He flung a book, which he happened to be holding, on to a side table, where it upset and broke a beautiful candlestick of Bohemian glass, and swore aloud as he banged the door to after him.

"If a fellow tries to keep on the square, she won't let him!" muttered he, as he strode across the hall.

Significant words!

Scarcely had Lionel left the room when, strange to say, William entered it, with a somewhat similar petition, though he had known nothing of that just proffered by his brother. His request was, that Mrs. Philip Danesbury and her two nieces might be asked to spend the evening with them.

Mrs. Danesbury felt provoked; she believed that William and Lionel must be in league together, and she gave him a most harsh and unqualified refusal, demanding, with a sneer, if *they thought to take Danesbury House by storm.* Isabel had been privy to this, and she now related it to Mrs. Philip.

"That night," she concluded, sinking her voice, and pressing her handkerchief to her eyes, "that night they came home the—the—worse for what they had taken!"

"Both!" uttered Mrs. Philip Danesbury.

"They did, aunt. We were gone to bed, but it was spoken of in the house the next morning; and last night it was the same again! Lionel also was not himself on Sunday night. Sunday night!"

A pause ensued. Mrs. Philip broke out.

"Mrs. Danesbury has much to answer for. Some day I shall be telling her so."

"Whether mamma was up last night watching for them, I cannot tell," resumed Isabel. "It was past twelve when they came in, and she darted out of her room in her dressing-gown, and saw them both. William could not walk straight, and Lionel was worse. He could not get up to bed without assistance.—They were both had into mamma's room this morning before papa left it. I don't know what transpired. Mamma did not appear at breakfast; she only came down when Lord Temple was leaving. Since then, she has been quarrelling with every one. She quarrelled with papa; she abused William shamefully; she tried to quarrel with me. Altogether, it was so uncomfortable, that I came here to you."

"Mrs. Danesbury is out of her mind," said Mrs. Philip.

"When she gives way to these fits of temper she is almost like it. This unhappy conduct of the boys—especially of Lionel—augments her irritation and renders it unbearable."

"Isabel, you may depend upon it that she is blaming herself in her heart of hearts. She was foolishly indulgent to Robert and Lionel, and, when they were grown into young men, supplied them with a ruinous quantity of pocket money; yet was always thwarting them in trifles, through her own crabbed temper, and making their home miserable. Anything like self-control or self-reliance she never taught them. I repeat that she will have much to answer for. And where are the boys now?"

"William went off to the works before mamma's storm was over; and Lionel departed towards Brookhurst with his gun, and said he should not be home for a day or two. Of course all this is hard for papa to bear. My heart aches for him. Do you not think him very much altered, aunt?"

"Yes," shortly replied Mrs. Philip. "But we will go to other topics, my dear, for talking of this unhappiness will not mend it. Is your wedding-day fixed?"

"Yes," answered Isabel, with a rosy blush. "It is to be very soon, indeed."

"When, my dear?"

"On the eighteenth."

"Why, that will be in a fortnight!"

"Yes, I said very soon."

"Not any too soon, Isabel. I hope, my child, you will enter upon a happier home than you have had with Mrs. Danesbury. The more I see of Lord Temple, the more I like him."

"Reginald has been, as it were, an isolated man, and has had to look abroad for ties of interest. I do hope the future may be happier for both of us. His mother died when he was at Eton, and no one has supplied her place to him. He says he shall tell me all his wild feats when we are married," she added, smiling; "and that, when I hear them, I shall wonder he can be as good as he is. Louisa Serle is coming down to the wedding."

"Indeed! As bridesmaid, I suppose. Who proposed that?"

"I did. Mamma has been so—so—"

"So very cross-grained altogether, and so indignant that Mary and Anna Heber should be two of your bridesmaids, that you proposed her niece Louisa as a sop in the pan," interrupted Mrs. Philip. "I understand it all, my dear, just as well as you do. She took a prejudice against Mary and Anna before they ever came near the place, and she retains it. I have never been able to tell why, for more excellently good girls, gentle, loving, and lovely, it would be difficult to find. I conclude she dislikes them, as belonging to me, and I know she has always hated me like poison."

Isabel laughed.

"I do think she is only jealous of you, Aunt Philip."

"Jealous of what? She is more favorably placed than I am. Her house is finer, her income is larger; she has a good husband and children; I have neither. Her position is in all points superior to mine, save that she grunts and grumbles away her days, and makes herself and everybody about her uncomfortable; and I keep up a cheerful spirit, and try to make folks happy, and myself with them. What has she to be jealous of, Isabel?"

"Perhaps of the cheerful spirit," answered Isabel. "But—talking of marriage—has it ever struck you, aunt, that Arthur has any particular attachment?"

Mrs. Philip Danesbury looked at her niece; a peculiar look.

"Has it occurred to you to think so, Isabel?"

"Not quite to think so, perhaps, but to doubt whether it is so or not. I allude to Mary Heber."

"Just so," said Mrs. Philip. "It has been my opinion, for a long while past, that they are attached to each other; but I am almost sure that Arthur has not spoken to her of it in words. She has liked Arthur from the first moment she ever saw him; admired, respected him; thought him worthy of esteem. It is curious to observe how she unconsciously adopts all Arthur's ideas and opinions. And I feel equally sure that Arthur likes and admires her beyond any one."

"Then it is strange he should not speak out," observed Isabel. "Mary would make him a good wife."

"She would. Such a wife as your mother made Mr. Danesbury. Save in fortune, she is a fit wife for the first lord in the land. She is worthy of Arthur Danesbury: I cannot give her higher praise than that. Arthur is very dear to me; dearer than she is. Many a time have I held him in my arms, and cried over him, wishing he was mine. It was at the time I was hoping for children, and they never came. I think I will tell you a secret, Isabel. *Mary has had two very desirable offers of marriage.* One was from Thomas Boyd—but of course this is between ourselves. She refused them both; therefore I cannot help thinking that her heart must be filled with somebody else, and that somebody, Arthur Danesbury."

"I should like Mary to be Arthur's wife, Aunt Philip," resumed Isabel, after a pause. "William promised to spend the evening here: I asked him to come for me. I thought it might be keeping him from other temptations. Here come Mary and Anna: what glowing colors their walk has given him!"

They hastened in, when they saw Isabel; lady-like, sweet-looking girls, with well-formed figures and elastic steps.

"I hope you have come to spend the day," called out Mary, as she took Isabel's hand.

"The whole day, till nine or ten at night," said Isabel.

"Oh, that's delightful!" uttered Anna. "What a talk we can have about the wedding."

And a "talk" they did have: trust young ladies for that, when a wedding is on foot. Dresses, bonnets, veils, wreaths, gloves, and etiquette; carriages and bouquets; breakfast and ceremony; and Mrs. Philip was as eager as they were.

William Danesbury came in to tea, and they went from talking to mirth. Laughter abounded—that sort of laughter which is contagious, irresistible, though nobody can tell precisely what has caused it. William related to them some ludicrous story, current in the neighborhood, and that set them on. Then they had music and singing; and William's flute, on which he played well, happened to be there. At half-past nine, they thought it must be half past eight, so gaily had the time passed. Soon after, Isabel put her things on.

"Now, William, mind your evenings are spent here as often as you like," said Mrs. Philip. "Isabel will be gone, and Danesbury House may be dull. And bring Lionel with you, so long as he is at home."

"All right, aunt, I'll come. But I can't answer for Lionel."

They said good-night, and walked fast over the road. Isabel's heart was beating. She wanted to say something, yet did not know how.

"William, I am so sorry that I am going."

"Sorry! You ought to be glad. Why are you sorry?"

"To leave you. I think I could make—I should try, if I remained—to make things pleasant for you at home."

"My time will be mostly taken up in the works, Isabel."

"I mean your evenings. I wish," she added, in a lower voice, "I could leave you as securely as I can Arthur."

"Oh, I shall be all right."

"Dearest William," she whispered, "let me say a word of advice. If you were really to take to—to—that dreadful habit, I think I should almost die of grief and shame. I am sure papa would. Will you try and overcome it for my sake?"

He hesitated. He was evidently perturbed.

"I was thrown amidst random fellows in London, Isabel, fast spirits, every one of them—of course I got led away, now and then, but there will not be the inducement to it, down here."

"Then how was it—last night—" she stopped in distress.

"Ah! one cannot get out of fast habits and into slow ones all in a minute," was his reply. "But it shall come."

Her tears were dropping fast.

"Will you make me a promise, William; here, as we stand alone in the still night, with those glowing stars above us—that you will overcome this miserable failing?"

He was silent.

"William, do yo hear me?"

"Whatever may be my faults, I hold a promise very sacred, Isabel: my father taught me that in my childhood, and I cannot forget it. I never undertake a promise lightly. Do not distress yourself so."

"I will put it somewhat differently," she sighed. "Will you try to overcome it, William?"

A moment's hesitation, and then a clear, steady answer,

"I will try."

When the hall door was thrown open for them, William took out his watch and looked at it by the light of the hall lamp. It was a quarter past ten. He was then turning from the door, but Isabel turned with him.

"You are not going out again to-night?"

"Just for half-an-hour."

"Oh, pray, pray do not," she urged. "Come in and play a game at chess with me."

Whether it was that his conscience whispered of the promise he had just made, or that he marked her pained, eager countenance, certain it is, he entered with her.

"A pretty time to come home!" was Mrs. Danesbury's greeting. "What made you so late?"

"It is not late, mamma," returned Isabel, who was rushing off her things in a violent hurry, as if she feared William would be off, unless she sat down to detain him. She then pulled forward the chess-table, and began setting out the men.

"You are not going to begin chess at this hour?"

"There is plenty of time for a game," exclaimed Isabel. "I have challenged William to play with me. It is not a quarter past ten."

"There's not time, and I want to go to bed," retorted Mrs. Danesbury. "I was up half of last night: if you want to know the reason, ask William."

"I think," said William, chafing at the allusion, and at Mrs. Danesbury's words altogether, "I had better go back and spend my evening in the town. I had promised a friend to do so, only Isabel over-persuaded me."

"Go out and disgrace yourself, and come home as you did last night, is that what you mean?" cried Mrs. Danesbury. "I should fancy you want bed, and might be contented to go to it."

William turned on his heel and left the room.

Isabel darted after him. He was striding along the hall door. She grasped his arm.

"Oh, William, William! do not go! do not *heed her!*"

"Not go! does she think to send me to bed at ten o'clock at night, like a baby? I would have passed a rational hour at home with you, Isabel, and not have gone out, if I had made up my mind to do it, and she has stopped it. Let me go, my dear."

Her features were pale, her hands were trembling, but she would not lose her hold.

"For my sake," she implored, "for my sake. Stay in, and we will have our game at chess. I shall tell Mrs. Danesbury so, in papa's presence. Come back with me! Dearest William, I shall soon be gone. I ask you for my sake."

He scowled, hesitated, and finally turned back with her. She took his arm, and thus they went in to the drawing-room.

"Mamma," she said, approaching Mrs. Danesbury, "my brothers must be allowed proper amusement in their own home. You will forgive me, if I say I must play the promised game at chess with William."

It is probable the speech took everybody by surprise. Arthur rose from his seat and finished placing the chess-men, which Isabel's sudden movement had interrupted. It was plain, on which side *his* influence would be given. He then drew her chair forward, and looked to William and Isabel. All this, without speaking.

Mrs. Danesbury was livid with anger. She rose up and confronted her husband.

"Am I to be bearded in my own house, by your children? Are you going to sit tamely by, and see me insulted, Mr. Danesbury?"

Mr. Danesbury was grievously annoyed and perplexed, but the principles of justice were strong within him. He was also keenly alive to the necessity of keeping William indoors, could it be effected.

"You take things in a wrong light," said he to Mrs. Danesbury; "in a calmer moment you will see it, I make no doubt. It is not yet bed-time; if the children have a mind for a game of chess, surely they may be allowed to gratify it. It need not keep you up."

"And you will suffer them to insult me in my own home?" she repeated, with concentrated passion.

"I would not suffer them to act to you in any improper way whatever; you know I would not, and you know that they would not attempt to do so. As to the home, Eliza, you seem to forget that it is theirs, as well as yours." Many a less calm man would have been tempted to add, "And was theirs before you came to it."

Mrs. Danesbury flung out of the room, pushing one chair here, and another there, screaming all sorts of outrageous things, as an angry woman, unsubdued by a Christian spirit, will do. Isabel made things comfortable, and sat down to chess with William. At about twenty minutes to eleven, Mr. Danesbury rose, and said he should go to bed.

"I suppose you do not mean to be late, children," he said, in a pleasant tone.

"The game promises to be a long one; I conclude you do not wish us to leave it unfinished," spoke William, with a touch of resentment in his voice, for his spirit was still smarting under the words of his step-mother.

"My son," said Mr. Danesbury, "I have never denied innocent gratification to my children, or placed an unnecessary check upon their wishes. You know that I should not wish you to leave the game unfinished; neither should I wish to drive you to bed before you care to go. I only wish you would spend your time thus every evening. Good-night, my boy," he added, holding out his hand.

William rose, and grasped it.

"Good-night, dear father," he warmly said, full of contrition for having momentarily pained so good a father.

Presently, William rang the bell. It was for hot water. He told the servant to put out the brandy.

"You will not take it, William," whispered Isabel, when the man was gone.

"I must have a glass, Isabel, and I shall. I cannot forego everything at once."

"Arthur," she said, "beg him not."

"I wish he was like me," said Arthur, "did not like it." But that was all the remonstrance he ventured on. Arthur knew that too much remonstrance might be worse than none; that no man can be *coerced* from evil to good.

"You foolish girl!" uttered William; "if I never do anything worse in an evening, than play at chess and drink one glass of brandy and water, I should think even Mrs. Danesbury ought to find no room to grumble. I will only take one; I *promise* you," he somewhat significantly added.

He drank his glass of brandy and water, but he took no more. The chessmen were put away soon after eleven, and all three drew round the fire for a cheerful chat, going up to bed about half-past. Isabel went inside her brother William's room. He kissed her fervently.

"Not many could have influenced me as you have to night, Isabel. God bless you, my dear sister."

"May He bless you, William," she returned with streaming eyes, "and keep you from temptation when I am gone!"

And every night, save two, by hook or by crook, did Isabel contrive to appropriate the evenings of William and Lionel. Now at chess; now by the help of music and Louisa Serle, who came down from town; now by a few other friends, invited for the evening, which Isabel made her approaching departure the plea to Mrs. Danesbury for insisting upon; and now at Mrs. Philip Danesbury's. Those two evenings they went out, but did not come home the worse for liquor, so far as could be seen. Isabel's hopes rose high; she thought they had not fallen so low as she feared.

And thus the wedding-day came on, and brought grand doings at Danesbury. All the sons were at home for it, many friends gathered at the house, and the whole of the workmen were feasted. There was a long and elaborate breakfast, after which Lord and Lady Temple left, to proceed to Dover, for they purposed passing some months on the continent; and there was an elaborate dinner in the evening. It all passed of well, and the guests departed full of high spirits and good wishes, suspecting nothing amiss. Only to the household was it betrayed that Robert and Lionel had been carried up to bed helpless, on this, their sister's marriage day.

CHAPTER XIII.

A DISCOVERY.

London was empty. The hot days of July had contributed to thin it. But, now that August had come in, everybody was getting away. "Except myself and a few more drudges," thought Mr. St. George, as he stood at the windows of the clerks' office, looking out on the hot and dusty road. It was close upon the long vacation. There was little doing, and even Mr. Serle had gone for a fortnight to his family, who were sojourning at Brighton. One of the clerks crossed the street, passed the window, and entered.

"Well," said Mr. St. George to him, "is the man in, all safe?"

"No, sir. The man's out. The money's paid."

"Paid!" echoed Mr. St. George, as though the information afforded him considerable surprise.

"I have got it here, sir, expenses and all."

Mr. St. George turned, went into his own room, and the clerk, first hanging up his hat, followed. He took from his pocket a fifty pound note, and laid it before Mr. St. George.

"I gave the change, sir, twenty-five shillings and ninepence."

"If the man—Pratt, or whatever his name is—had got the money, why did he give all this trouble?" exclaimed Mr. St. George.

"He had not got it, sir. It was his wife.—When she saw the man was really in possession, she said she supposed there was nothing for it, but to pay, for she could not have the children's beds taken from under them. So she went into the back room, and brought out this note. She cried when she handed it to the man, and said she had had it by her ever since her husband gave it her, twelve months ago, and had kept it to apprentice out the eldest boy, but she must let it go now."

"Curious!" remarked Mr. St. George.—"Did not her husband know that she had it?"

"No, I am sure he did not. He was as much astonished as I was. He said to her, perhaps, as she had got that, she had got another, and she sobbed bitterly, and said she had not another halfpenny in the world. She seemed quite a lady, though she was dressed poorly."

"It is a pity she did not produce it before, and save expenses," remarked Mr. St. George, as the clerk retired. "I wish Serle would not meddle with these nasty, paltry things," he added, to himself. "Taking children's beds from under them! I would not, if I were head of the firm. They turn in little profit, and no credit. When people bring in this dirty sort of work, they should be sent away to find others to dabble in it, for me. Hallos! what's this?"

Mr. St. George's eye had fallen on a name written on the back of the note, "Victor de Batraigne."

There was nothing in the name itself, for he had never known any one who owned it; but what had caused his exclamation, was a sudden conviction that that same note had passed through his hands before. He had a perfect recollection of the name, and also of the long, sprawling writing—the two words taking up two lines across the back of the note—from one side to the other.

"Now, where did we pay away that note, that it could come into the hands of such persons as these Pratts must be?" thought he.—"Why, it was one of those handed by Lord Temple to Swallowtail, to liquidate that gambling debt of £3,000."

Mr. St. George had never been satisfied, in his own mind, upon the circumstances of that loss. He had often ruminated over them, but could never solve the point of Lord Temple—or any one else—having been able to play, and sign away money, in a state of utter unconsciousness. The engagement of Lord Temple to Isabel, and their subsequent marriage, had given him an interest in that nobleman, beyond what he felt for the generality of clients. Lord and Lady Temple had just returned from the continent; they were then in London, and he had been to see them only two evenings before. But of this, more presently.

Mr. St. George leaned back in his chair, and ruminated. He had a faint idea that this Pratt was connected with gamblers, but he knew nothing of him beyond what their client, who had given them instructions to proceed against him for a debt, had related. For twelve months, the woman said she had had the money; it was rather more than twelve since the transaction between Swallowtail and Lord Temple; therefore, the inference to be drawn was, that she had received it at the time.

"Now," thought Mr. St. George, who was a long-headed man, with a remarkable facility for sifting details, "if Lord Temple lost that money to Swallowtail, why should fifty pounds of it be given to Pratt? It looks as if it had been a stop-gap."

Mr. St. George touched his bell.

"Send Hadden to me," said he, as a clerk answered it.

The same man who had brought the money came in.

"Hadden," cried Mr. St. George, "do you know anything of this Pratt, who, and what he is?"

"I do not, sir. I never saw or heard of him till now; but the man whom Cheokett sent in seemed to know him. He said, when we came away, that he was glad it was settled, for Pratt was not a bad fellow, and was nobody's enemy but his own. It is not often those sort of men find pleasure at such a termination."

"Did he say what Pratt was?"

"He said he once was very respectable, but had got down in the world, and was now a marker—or whatever they call it—at a gaming house in Saint James's Street."

"Ah," said Mr. St. George, in a tone as if he had expected the information. "I want to have a word with this Pratt," he continued.—"Can you get him here?"

"I daresay I can, sir."

"Go and see."

Hadden was successful in his errand, and returned with Mr. Pratt; a thin, shabby-genteel man, with something of the gentleman about him still. He had a pale face, with hollow cheeks and hot lips. Mr. St. George pointed to a chair, and then took out the bank note.

"A seizure was put into your rooms this morning, Mr. Pratt," he began, "and you settled it by means of this note. I want a little information about it. I have seen it before."

Pratt's face turned of a different white, more ghastly.

"There—there's nothing wrong about the note, is there, sir? It is not a bad one?"

Mr. St. George locked up the note before he answered. He purposely abstained from relieving the man, as to the false scent he had got upon.

"Where did you get the note?" asked he. "I must know."

"Sir, if there's anything wrong about it, I never knew it. I am as innocent of it as I can be."

"Whatever there may be about it, wrong or right, I will hold you harmless, provided you tell me all you know of the transaction by which it came into your hands. Of that, I pledge you my word."

"I got it a long while ago, sir."

"How long? What date?"

"I can't state it for certain. It was last summer—in July or August, I think. I could tell, perhaps, by hunting up dates."

"How did you get it?"

"I got it paid me with another. The other was good, sir, I'll swear to it, for I changed it at the Bank of England."

"But I ask you how you got them."

"Somebody was owing me money, a hundred pounds, and paid me with these two notes."

"Mr. Pratt," said the lawyer, "it is of no use for you to beat about the bush. I told you I would hold you harmless of all consequences, provided you gave me the information I required. If you will not do that, say so. 'Somebody was owing me money' won't do for me."

"Well, sir, I got them from Swallowtail.—Lawyer Swallowtail, as he is sometimes called. He had to pay me one hundred pounds, and he did pay me with these two notes. In the flush of having the money, I went home and gave my wife one of them. When mine was spent, I asked her for the other, and she stood to it that she had spent it in paying debts, and buying things for the children. But it turns out now, that she has kept it ever since, sewn up in her stays. Badly enough at times have we wanted money, but she never brought it forth. Our eldest boy possesses a wonderful talent for architecture; he has made drawings of all the public buildings, and beautiful structures, cathedrals, palaces and things, out of his own head. His mother's heart is set, like his, upon his being placed with an architect, and she had kept the money to help him to one, and never brought it forth. But, when she saw all the sticks and stones going this morning, out it came."

"Did Swallowtail lose it to you at play, at the gambling house in St. James's street?"

The man was surprised and looked up. Mr. St. George's keen, dark eyes were fixed on him.

"Not at play, sir. Mr. Swallowtail calls himself one of the nobs, and I only hold a subordinate situation there. He would not play with me."

"But, at any rate, it was the proceeds of a gambling transaction: if not between you and Mr. Swallowtail, between Mr. Swallowtail and somebody else," calmly repeated Mr. St. George.

Pratt was silent.

"And the 'pull' out of the affair—that is the orthodox word, I believe—was £3,000."

Mr. Pratt could not answer—he could only stare.

"Do you know anything about it, sir?" he at length uttered.

"I know all about it," replied Mr. St. George, in a firm tone, "save some of the minor details, which you can supply. This money was chiselled out of Lord Temple, when he was dead drunk."

No answer.

"In the presence of you, and Swallowtail, and Major Anketel," continued Mr. St. George, venturing on some guesses. "How many others were there?"

Mr. Pratt hesitated.

"I should have no objection to answer your questions, sir; I thought it a shameful thing at the time—a dead robbery, many a poor fellow has been transported for less; but, if it should come round to Swallowtail that I have spoken, it would be ruin to me."

"It shall not come round to any one," said Mr. St. George; "your name shall never be mentioned by me in the business; and, indeed, I very much question whether your friend Swallowtail will ever know that the affair has been spoken of at all."

"Is the note a bad one?"

"There's nothing the matter with the note. I want to know how the money was drawn from Lord Temple. When he went into the gaming-house that night with Anketel, he was completely intoxicated, and lay on the sofa, asleep. How was it he got playing? Earl Sandlin, Sir Robert Payn, young Eden, Lieutenant Danesbury, and others, were there."

"Several were there when Lord Temple and Anketel came in, but they left. By three o'clock all had gone, except Anketel and Lord Temple."

"And Swallowtail?" interrupted Mr. St. George.

"And Swallowtail: but we look upon him as one of the establishment. Besides these, there was not a soul in the room but me, and I had sat down in the corner behind the refreshment table, wishing they would leave, that we might shut up for the night. Swallowtail and Anketel were whispering together over the fireplace, and presently they both came up to Lord Temple, pulled him off the sofa, and set him up in an arm-chair at the green table. Swallowtail got the cards, and began écarte. I think Lord Temple was worse than when he came in—more stupid. He could not hold the cards, but dropped them as fast as Anketel put them in his hands, and his head fell, unconscious. 'It's of no use,' said Swallowtail, 'he is too bad; he couldn't write.' 'Could we guide his hand?' 'No,' answered Anketel, 'that would bear the marks of our handwriting, not his.' 'I'll tell you what, though,' cries Swallowtail, bringing his hand down on the board with such a thump that some dice sprung off it, 'I have got that I O U for £30 in my pocket, we can work the oracle with that.' 'Change the figures?' whispered Anketel. '*Add to the oughts*,' said Swallowtail, 'and go snacks.' They helped Lord Temple back to the sofa," continued Pratt, "first of all, trying to make him drink some brandy. A tumbler half full of the neat spirit had been left by somebody on the mantelpiece, and they held it to his lips. I think he swallowed a little, but the rest went on to the front of his clothes. Beautiful diamond studs he had in his shirt that night."

"But were you in the room during this?" cried Mr. St. George.

"I was in the seat that I tell you of, sir, and had not moved from it; and from an angle I could see most of what was going on. It is a crimson velvet chair, low and small, standing against the wall at the back of the refreshment table, and anybody, sitting in it, would not be noticed by those at the play tables. If you go to the place this very night, there you'll see the chair."

Mr. St. George thought he would rather be excused the errand.

"Proceed, said he.

"Major Anketel reached the pen and ink, and Swallowtail took a piece of paper from his pocket-book. 'I think the date will be just the ticket,' said Swallowtail, with that knowing wink he emits from his sharp, black eyes. 'It is dated the 1st, and this is the 11th; if we add another 1, that will be right.' 'Stop a bit,' said Anketel, snatching up the I O U, 'Temple will recognize this again, and know that it has been altered.' 'He'll no more recognize it than my grandmother will,' answered Swallowtail, 'he is entirely oblivious of having given it me. He was three parts gone then, or he would have written the amount in letters, instead of figures: though he could hold the cards, it was as much as the bargain.' 'That's the worst of Temple,' cried Anketel, so long as he keeps his noddle clear, there's no drawing him into play; it's not often he gets screwed tight enough to be of use to one. But is it safe he won't know this?' 'It's safe and certain,' said Swallowtail; 'he has no recollection such a thing is out. The other night, in this room, Groves was trying to reckon up how many of the sort he had got out, and Temple said he had none, thank the stars, he was clear, and intended to keep so. I had a great mind to produce it then, but thought another opportunity might be better.'"

"And so they altered Lord Temple's acknowledgment for £30 into £3,000!" exclaimed Mr. St. George. "They are nice jail-birds!"

"I did not know what they altered it into," returned Pratt; "all I heard was, that they would add to the oughts. But I heard Lord Temple's loss spoken of afterwards, over the tables, and found that it was £3,000."

"Well—about your own share?"

"Swallowtail put up the memorandum, and Anketel said he would go, and he left. Then Swallowtail came to the refreshment table, and there he saw me. 'Hilloa!' quoth he, 'are *you* here? What are you doing?' 'Nothing,' said I; 'only waiting to know if anybody's going to play again.' I never saw Swallowtail so taken to as he was then," continued Pratt. "You know him, of course, Mr. St. George, and must be aware that, for all his demure, quiet face, with its innocent-looking turned up nose, and his polished manners, there's not a more hardened or a deeper man going; but, all the brass had gone out of him then. 'Pratt,' said he, mildly, 'how's that clever boy of yours? Drawing still, and getting on?' 'He's drawing forever,' I answered, 'but, as for getting on, he wants instruction, and I can't afford it him.' 'I'll help you to afford it him,' said Swallowtail; 'I won't forget it. What you told me, has made me take an interest in him. Good-night, Pratt. See to his lordship.' I took that offer for what it was worth, sir," added Pratt, "never thinking it was worth anything, and Swallowtail went away. I called a man, and we got Lord Temple down to his cab, and hoisted him in. A week or two after that, Swallowtail called me aside, and gave me the two fifty-pound notes, saying they were to help the boy. Of course I knew what that meant."

"And you accepted them, knowing, at the same time, that they were hush-money, the proceeds of as nefarious a robbery as ever was perpetrated!" uttered Mr. St. George.

"When you are as low down in the world as I am, sir, which I hope will never be, you will not stop to look at how money's obtained, when it's put into your hands," cried Mr. Pratt. "Low as I have fallen, badly off as my wife and family often are, I would not have joined those two fellows in doing it. But they did do it; and, to split upon them, would have been almost as much as my life was worth. Servants attached to gambling-houses may not tell the secrets enacted in them. They would make sober folks' hair stand on end. And, suppose I had refused the hundred pounds? it would have been doing Lord Temple no good; only adding to Swallowtail's booty. You need not reproach me, Mr. St. George: when the dark mood is upon me, I reproach myself keener than anybody else can do."

"What do you mean by the dark mood?"

"When I have got no drink in me, sir. I was brought up, you know, a gentleman—though you may not see much remains of it about me now—and the shame, the remorse, the physical depression that overwhelm me are so great, I must of compulsion drink to drown them, even if the habit were not upon me. But it is. I am obliged to be sober at night, for my work in St. James's Street, but I am rarely so at other times, unless money fails."

"What profession used you to follow? Any?"

"The medical," was the answer, after a slight pause of surprise. "I have not followed it much, for evil habits overtook me before I had well done walking the hospitals. I do not think any young men, as a class, are so much given to drink, as medical students. A youngster, coming fresh among them, can hardly help falling into the habit: the example set him is too potent."

The remark made Mr. St. George's thoughts flow for the moment towards Lionel Danesbury.

"I half-ruined my father, I completely tired out my other friends, and now I am attached to a gaming-house. I am ready to kill myself at times when I think of my wife and children. The little girl, thank Heaven, is at Eastborough. They have taken to her."

"Eastborough!" echoed Mr. St. George, in a startled tone, "you are surely not—not—you are no relation to Mr. Pratt, the surgeon there!"

"Only his son. I thought you knew me, Mr. St. George. Is it possible you did not?"

"I am sorry for you!" uttered Mr. St. George, with deep feeling. "I did not recognize you. But you are yet a young man—so to say; you are not forty. Surely you might, even now, reform, and become a respectable member of society, a protector to your children."

"Never," returned the unfortunate man. "I have tried in vain: the habit is too strong upon me. No; miserable and guilty as I am now, so I must go on to my grave; lost in this world, and I suppose lost in the next."

"And your only failing, a love of drink!"

"My only failing," he emphatically replied. "I was kind, just, honorable, well-intentioned. Whatever bad things drink has caused me to do, I should never have done them without it: now, it is excitement; now, it is despondency; both had to bear, and both urging to sin."

"Are you very poor?"

"Mostly so. It is up and down with us. Sometimes my wife's relatives help us, and sometimes I have a slice of luck at the tables—not at the one in St. James's Street, I am only a servant there, but I frequent others in the day. We have managed to live. I thought that bill would have done us up, and turned us, wanderers, into the streets. Ah! that was another consequence of drink. I signed that bill for six-and-thirty pounds, at three months' date, when I was nearly as bad as Lord Temple was: a swindling fellow got hold of it: I was sued upon it, and the expenses mounted up. I never had the benefit of a sixpence from it, sir, never the value of a brass farthing."

"You say you want to place your son with an architect?"

"It will be of little use wanting. Even if his mother's friends would keep him in respectable clothes, which they have partly promised, I could never find the premium, and nobody will take him without, for I have no interest to get him in anywhere. Yet it's a pity," added the unhappy man, with a sigh: "when a lad shows extraordinary genius for art, which of course must have been specially granted him, it's a pity it cannot be fostered and brought to fruit. He is near fourteen."

"Has he been educated?"

"Oh, yes. Not regularly, but he has had snatches of it; one quarter at school, and one away, and he's a clever boy, and has improved what he has had; he would not disgrace any office. He is a very steady boy, very good principled."

"I will think about it for you," said Mr. St. George. "A friend of mine is an architect, and I will inquire whether boys can get into an office without premium; perhaps he may be induced to take him, if his talent is so decided. I should tell my friend the circumstances," added Mr. St. George; "I could not in honor do otherwise: and, before speaking, I must see and converse with the boy myself. I was once, when a lad, laid up with an illness at Danesbury House, and your father brought me through it and was very kind to me. I am sorry to meet you thus."

Mr. Pratt rose. He would have thanked Mr. St. George for the glimpse of hope for his son, but his voice was husky, and his eyes watered. Had that man always possessed the moral courage to eschew the dangerous vice, he would have been beloved and respected: as it was, he slunk through the clerks in the front office, self ashamed and self-condemned.

In the course of the afternoon, Mr. St. George went up to Lord Temple's. He and Lady Temple were occupying temporary apartments in Brook Street. A slice of good fortune had befallen Lord Temple: which, indeed, had brought them to England somewhat quicker than they had contemplated. A great aunt of Lord Temple's had died, and left him her town house, a small one, at Kensington, and fourteen thousand pounds. He had been previously thinking of turning his talents to political utility: his wife also wished it, she urged that his time was not given him to waste: and this house and legacy decided it. He determined to make it his residence, and become a useful man. The house was now being renovated and fitted up: some of Mrs. Dacre's old furniture was being disposed of, and new purchased in its place: and they intended soon to take possession.

When Mr. St. George had called in Brook Street two evenings before, Major Anketel was sitting there. Mr. St. George had not a good opinion of the Major, and was vexed to find Lord Temple again in contact with him. Isabel was well, and truly happy. She had found Lord Temple all she had thought him. Like many another man, like nearly all men, Lord Temple was only wild when led away by example; and since his marriage he had been subjected to nothing but good influence.

This afternoon, after the departure of Pratt, Mr. St. George proceeded to Lord Temple's, and he went there with one settled purpose—to put him on his guard against Major Anketel. Lady Temple was alone when he went in, and Mr. St. George thought he had never seen her look more lovely: she wore an elegant black silk dress, and small white lace cap. Lord Temple soon entered. He was going down to Richmond with Lord Sandlin, to dine. Mr. St. George requested a private interview, and Lord Temple took him into another room.

"What dreadful plot have you to disclose," he laughed, "that you could not speak before Isabel? I have no secrets from her."

"My lord—about telling her, you can do as you please: but it would not have been proper for me to speak of it in her presence, unsanctioned by you."

"How grave you are!" uttered Lord Temple.

"That £3,000 you lost at play to Swallowtail—which we had to raise for you—you remember?"

"Isabel knows of it," he eagerly answered. "I told her everything I had ever done. At least, nearly everything: there are some antecedents in a fellow's life, of course, not fit for a wife's ears: but everything that I could tell her, I did, and assured her it lay with her to keep me right for the future. I told her I had been such a wicked fool as to get dead drunk, and then lose £3,000."

"Then, as there is so much confidence between you, I might have spoken before her, and I hope you will let her hear the sequel. You never lost the money."

"Never lost it!" echoed Lord Temple. "What do you mean? I lost it, and paid it."

"You paid it, but you did not lose it. It has come to my knowledge—my positive knowledge, Lord Temple, though I cannot tell you in what way, for I am under a promise not to do so—that Major Anketel and that blackleg, Swallowtail, concocted a plan to swindle you out of it."

"I do not understand," cried Lord Temple. "I remember nothing about playing, as I told you, or of giving the I O U, but there it was, in my own handwriting. They could not have swindled my writing out of me."

"I will explain. That transaction took place on the 11th of July. On the first of the month, some days before, you had also been the worse for wine, had played with Swallowtail, lost, and given him an I O U for the amount, £30."

"What!" said Lord Temple. "How many more I O U's will you say I gave?"

"My lord, you gave the one for £30, you did, indeed, though you might not and did not remember it. On the eleventh, all who had gone into the gambling house left, except Anketel and Swallowtail. They dragged you up from the sofa, and put you to the table, no doubt intending you to go through the farce of playing and losing, and then giving them a note of hand for the amount. But you were too far gone, you were nearly senseless, and could not hold the cards. So they were baulked. But Swallowtail thought of a bright scheme. He had this I O U for £30 in his pocket; you had written the debt in figures, not in words; and he proposed to Anketel to add oughts to the 30. And it was done."

The viscount had gradually leaned forward over the table, his lips open, his eyes strained on Mr. St. George.

"Nothing else was wanted, save the alteration in the date. A 1 was added to the other 1, and 11 stood out complete. That was the £3,000 you paid."

"Can this be?" uttered Lord Temple.

"As truly as that you and I are sitting here. Lord Temple, I always suspected that Anketel was a bad man; we had to do with him a year or two ago, and found him anything but square. Besides, he has no income: how can he live? Swallowtail I need not enlarge upon: he is known. I came up this afternoon to tell you this, and to put you on your guard against Anketel. I saw him here the other night."

"You won't see him here again," cried the impetuous young nobleman. "If he enters a room where I am, I will leave it; or he shall. By Jove! I would rather associate with a Botany-Bay convict."

"As to taking proceedings against them, I suppose it cannot be. In the first place, the evidence—"

"No, no," interrupted Lord Temple, "I will not rake up, and make public, a transaction so disgraceful to myself, even to punish them. I would not do it for my wife's sake. They have got the money; and they spent it, no doubt, long ago: let them keep it, and I must put up with the theft—and serve me right for my pains! Thank you, St. George. That wretch Anketel came the other night to entice me out, and dared to affect a contemptuous surprise when I would not go. The villain! he wanted to try his hand again, at making me forget myself."

"No doubt of it. The very night they robbed you, he openly lamented to Swallowtail, that you would not play unless you were 'screwed,' and that you got so too seldom."

Lord Temple rose in excitement, and paced the room.

"And the worst of it is, that I must bury this in silence!" he chafed. "I cannot proclaim the fraud, without proceeding against them."

"To bury it in silence will be the best plan in every way," said Mr. St. George. "There is no other alternative, but the one of proceeding against them, and that is not convenient. Only keep clear of them for the future, Lord Temple."

"You need not tell me that, St. George," was the emphatic reply.

They returned to the presence of Lady Temple. Lord Sandlin was expected every moment, for he was to drive the viscount to Richmond, to this all-important dinner.

"As Lord Temple will be out, why should you not come with me to see Charlotte, and take a plain dinner with us?" said Mr. St. George to Lady Temple.

"I do not know why," answered she, "I should very much like to see her and the children. She called here to-day, but I was out."

"Do, Isabel," cried her husband. "It will remove all the compunction I have, in leaving you."

So Lady Temple put her things on, and as she came back to the drawing-room from doing so, a servant entered, and said that Lord Sandlin waited. They all went down stairs together.

"Good-bye, my dearest," whispered Lord Temple, shaking hands with his wife.

Lord Sandlin was in a ——— vehicle, half dog-cart, half commercial traveller's "trap," though he would probably fly into a rage did he hear it called so, for it had been built under his own special invention and superintendence. He was a short, sandy-haired man, very fat, with a profusion of whisker, and a face all one color, and that, scarlet. He tore off his hat when he caught sight of Lady Temple. The viscount ascended to the seat beside him, and Mr. St. George could not help contrasting them as they sat side by side: the one all elegance, looking every inch a nobleman; the other, like a young prize-fighter. The groom stepped up to his seat, which was placed back to back with the others, and they drove away, the lords once more raising their hats to Lady Temple.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A TRAVELLER IN A FIX.—An Englishman who could not speak good German, was riding, to Leipsic, when he asked, as well as he could, how long it took to go through the tunnel.—The person he spoke to thought he asked how long before the tunnel would be reached, and so he answered, "In half an hour." When they approached the place, the Englishman threw down his carpet bag and pulled off his coat. In a few minutes all were enveloped in the darkness of the tunnel. After some ten minutes a streak of light appeared, and the ladies, oppressed by the heavy atmosphere, seemed impatient to be again in pure air.—Soon the full light came, every one took a long breath, when suddenly the ladies gave a simultaneous shriek, and pulled their veils over their faces, to hide from them the unfortunate condition of the Englishman. The poor man thought the passage through the tunnel would take thirty minutes, and had been surprised by returning to light in the midst of his toilet, which he had not been able to make at Dresden, and for which he thought he would take advantage of the supposed half-hour's darkness.

JOHN DEAN AND HIS MARY ANN.—Old Boker, of New York, disinherited John Dean, the coachman who married his daughter, but it seems that Mary Ann will be pretty well off anyhow. The Albany, New York, Statesman, says:—

We think the statement that Mr. Dean is poor is a mistake. A deceased uncle left each of Mr. Boker's four children $50,000. Mary Ann has already, or will shortly have, that sum at her own disposal. Mr. Boker left an estate valued at over $800,000. He disinherited Mary Ann and a son who had always taken her part, and thereby offended the father. But it is understood that neither the two children who were favored, nor the mother, share in the sentiment of Mr. B., and doubtless the estate will in the end be about equally divided. Mary Ann's only sister made a very similar match—marrying the porter in her father's store. But he was a German, and Mr. B. had so much prejudice in favor of his countrymen, that he forgave the offence.

MACAULAY ON DEMOCRACY.—Two or three English writers have intimated that the opinions on the political institutions of America, expressed by Lord Macaulay in a letter to the Hon. H. S. Randall, were not the settled and matured opinions of the great historian, but Mr. Randall disposes of this very thoroughly. He publishes extracts from others letters from Macaulay to himself, in which the same unfavorable opinions of Democratic governments are expressed still more strongly, and are declared to be his settled convictions. Macaulay did not believe the prosperity of this country to be due to the Democratic character of the government, and refers to several of the British colonies as showing that even more remarkable material progress has been made under the forms of government entirely different. Mr. Randall has vindicated himself from the injurious insinuations of his English critics.

A LETTER from Ancona in the Opinione of Turin states that the Irish recruits there were disgusted both with their quarters and the ragged fellows they were henceforth to consort with; that to quiet them, they were sent to an inn, instead of to the barracks; but that they, nevertheless, applied to the British Consul for his intervention, who, however, told them plainly they were no longer British subjects, since they had taken service under the Pope.

THE young Prince Christian William of Denmark, son of the Crown Prince, has just been admitted as a pupil of the Royal Naval School at Copenhagen, after undergoing the required examination. This is the first time that a prince of the reigning family of Denmark has competed for admission to a public school.

NEWS ITEMS.

MRS. ANNY RHODES, wife of B. C. Rhodes, was found dead in Lumber river, North Carolina, on Monday week, with her throat cut and head crushed. She had a few days previous eloped with a free mulatto, by name of Shad Williams, taking with her $2,500 in money.—Williams has been arrested and lodged in jail at Lumberton to await his trial.

WHITE WIVES AMONG THE INDIANS.—The Chatfield (Minnesota) Democrat of the 2d inst. says that two white women are living at the Agencies with Indian husbands. One of them, Mrs. Renville, came from Illinois about eighteen months ago, and, after a vigorous courtship, won the consent of her dusky mate, and married him, that she might elevate the race. She is now teaching the Indian girls to bake and sew, and do household labor generally, and her husband is said to be quite proud of her. The other, Mrs. Otherday, became enamored of one of the braves at Washington, where he had gone with others of his tribe to complete a treaty, and she followed him to his home on the prairie.

A WIFE SUES FOR WAGES.—A woman in Detroit has brought an action against her husband to recover wages as a domestic. It seems he procured a divorce from her eight months ago. She knew nothing about it, and lived with him, performing her usual domestic duties. He recently told her of the divorce, and she, much exasperated, seeks to punish him, or at least make him pay for the eight months' service, from which his own act had legally released her.

THE FRUIT CROPS IN NEW JERSEY.—The Trenton (N. J.) Gazette and Republican says that "from every part of the State the good news comes of a glorious fruit crop, and more particularly peaches.

SINGULAR SUICIDE.—Dean Gilbert, a resident of Prescott, Mass., about 50 years of age, balanced a rock, weighing nearly a ton a-half, and propped it up with a piece of board, on the 10th inst. He then crawled under, kicked away the board, and the rock fell, crushing him to death.

A SORROWING WIDOWER.—A fellow, living on the Indiana shore of the Ohio river, near Vevay, Indiana, having recently lost his wife, crossed in a boat to the Kentucky side, visited a graveyard there, and stole a tombstone, which he placed over the remains of his lamented better half.

A FORTUNATE OCTOROON.—A Mississippi planter has paid $7,000 for a house in Cleveland for the exclusive use of his daughter, an octoroon, 16 years of age. She goes to Cleveland to receive a thorough education, the daughter of a clergyman in that city having been engaged as her instructor. The young lady, although born a slave, is now free. It is stated that her income while she is in Cleveland will be $3,000 per annum.

THE ACCLIMATION OF THE TEA PLANT.—The Chinese tea plant has found in several localities in the Southern States a congenial soil and climate. The plants introduced by the late Dr. Junius Smith, at Greenville, S. C., are remarkably thrifty. Dr. Davis, of Cottage Hill, near Mobile, has also met with complete success in cultivating the tea plant. His light, sandy soil seems to suit it admirably, and, after some eight years' trial, he has found the plant perfectly hardy and free from blight or any other disease.

DEATHS.—Hon. J. Schwartz, member of Congress from Pennsylvania, and Archbishop Blanc, of New Orleans, died last week.

THE London Spectator, with that remarkable familiarity with American affairs displayed by English journals, says that the old Whigs have nominated Mr. Bell; that a convention in Illinois has nominated Mr. Hamlin for President, and Mr. Maine for Vice President; and that the whole field will be greatly modified before the election comes on in *June*.—*Newark Mercury*.

RECRUITS FOR THE POPE.—The Cork Daily Post says: "About 200 young and athletic recruits left this morning for Italy, via Bristol, in the steamer Sabrina. This movement throughout the South has now assumed a formidable appearance, and it is rumored that in the course of next week about 500 more will leave this port alone for the classic haunts of the Tiber."

LEGAL RATE OF INTEREST IN WISCONSIN.—Wisconsin has reduced the legal rate of interest from 12 to 10 per cent., and allows two years for the redemption of lands which have been sold on mortgages.

THE Court Journal of London says that a young gentleman recently undertook, on a wager, to lap up a saucer of milk in less time than a cat. The gentleman fell behind at first, in consequence of being seized with a violent fit of laughter; "but," says the paper named, "*recovering his gravity*, he won cleverly by two tablespoonfuls."

IT is said that a daughter of Sir Rowland Hill, the head of the British Post-Office Department, has recently eloped with her riding-master.

THE inhabitants of Carroll County, Ohio, are very much excited by a male child, from seven to ten years old, that has been seen several times in the woods, but as yet has not been taken. It has approached children quietly, but flees from the approach of a man or woman. A place has been found where it had slept the preceding night and had eaten a frog. Several hundred persons, regularly organized, are out on the hunt.

A USEFUL OFFICER.—In Portland, Me., they have an officer styled the "Truant Officer," whose duty, as his name imports, is to arrest all truants from the schools during school hours, and return them to their duties. The arrangement is said to work remarkably well; much to the satisfaction of parents, and also to the residents of the town, who like quiet and order. In one of the schools the attendance of the boys has increased about 12 per cent. since the creation of the new office.

FATAL DISEASE AMONG SHEEP.—The Washington (Pa.) Examiner states that the disease which has been so disastrous to cattle in the Eastern States, has broken out among the sheep of James Morrison, of Chartiers township, in that county, and carried off a large number. On Thursday he lost about forty, and others were in a dying condition on Friday. Mr. M. says the disease is very similar to the cholera in its operations, carrying off the sheep in a short time after being attacked. It behooves our farmers to be on their guard, and take every precaution to prevent the spread of the malady.

MR. HARRY was at the last accounts to give one more series of "farewell" performances in London previous to his return to America.

DISTURBANCES IN CHURCH.—The disturbances in the London Church of St. George's-in-the-East furnish some entertaining items. On the 3rd instant, the services were thought to pass off more tranquilly than for many months before. That American readers may learn the English idea of religious tranquility, the following anecdote is extracted from many others: "The sermon was preached by the Rev. R. A. Bradley, B. A. He selected for his text the 16th chapter of St. John's Gospel, verse 5:—'Whither goest thou?' This was responded to by a large number of the congregation, who shouted at the top of their voices. 'To Rome!' and this was repeated as often as the reverend gentleman read the words of his text in the course of his sermon, the remark being accompanied each time by a peal of laughter."

A CONDUCTOR on one of the railroads terminating in Wheeling, Va., was dismissed from the road last week for having complimented a lady on his train for the Cinderella-like smallness of a foot which she exposed from the folds of her crinoline. The company held that if the lady had a pretty foot, she was probably aware of it; if not, it was no part of the conductor's duty to inform her of the fact.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GARIBALDI ORGANIZES A GOVERNMENT IN SICILY —CAPITULATION OF THE NEAPOLITANS—THE GREAT POWERS REFUSE TO INTERVENE.

The Malta, at Father Point on the 24th, brings advices from Liverpool to June 14th.

The capitulation agreed upon with Garibaldi had been signed, and the Neapolitan troops had evacuated Palermo.

The troops had already begun to arrive at Naples, and were being despatched towards Castellmore and Gaeta.

The Neapolitan troops in Sicilia are to be concentrated at Syracuse, Messina, and Agusta.

The damage by the bombardment of Palermo was destructive. The Neapolitans committed great atrocities; three hundred houses were burned by them in only one quarter of the town, as well as several convents, at the moment of the retreat. Women and children who sought to escape from the burning houses were killed.

The Cariari palace was also sacked and burned.

As they retreated the soldiers set fire to all the houses on the way.

Catania was also given up to pillage by the royalists, and then abandoned.

Garibaldi had issued a decree calling all the Sicilians to arms between the ages of 17 and 50.

Fifty vessels of war were in the Roads of Palermo.

It is rumored that France, with the consent of Piedmont, has accepted the mediation proposed by Naples. The conditions of the mediation are a liberal Constitution for Naples, and a separate Government for Sicily under a Prince of the House of Bourbon, subject to the condition that the Sicilians give their consent.

It is said that Mazzini has embarked for Sicily. The Sardinian government has ordered their fleet, and all their authorities along the coast, to apprehend him, if possible.

A Naples despatch says that the promulgation of a Constitution, framed according to that of France, is expected shortly.

Garibaldi had addressed a letter to Signor Berthi, authorizing him to make advances or negotiate a loan for Sicily, or to contract any debt, and adds that he has at Sicily immense means to satisfy all claims.

The King's uncle is strongly urging the adoption of the Italian policy and a liberal constitution for Naples.

The British Admiralty has stationed a ship-of-war at Messina, one at Marsala, one at Palermo, and four in the bay of Naples, to afford shelter to British subjects.

Lord Palmerston stated that he would not hesitate to express to the Neapolitan envoy the feeling with which they regarded the barbarities perpetrated at Palermo.

Austria had peremptorily refused to interfere in regard to the proposition of the King of Naples for the guarantee of the possession of the Two Sicilies. There is every reason to believe that France will do likewise, and it is unnecessary to say what were the feelings of the British Government in condemnation of the Neapolitan Government.

TURIN, Saturday.—Garabaldi has appointed a Provisional Government. Caron Pisano, Foreign Affairs; Crisp, Home Office and Finances; Orsini, War; Abbe Collegno, Religious Worship. It is positively asserted that Garibaldi found £960,000 in the coffers of the treasury.

An English steamer had arrived at Marsala from Queenstown, conveying sixty volunteers, four thousand rifles, and one thousand pounds for Garabaldi. Additional recruits from Genoa and elsewhere, with arms and ammunition, had also landed in Sicily. Letters from Turin assert that the Sardinian Government will have to support Garibaldi, and therefore go to war with Naples, or it will have to put down an insurrection at home, so exciting is public opinion becoming in Piedmont. It was reported that, as a kind of half measure, Cavour was about to send a commission extraordinary to Sicily. Orders had also been given to prepare for sea all the men of-war at Genoa and Spezzia.

The recent embarkation of 800 Chasseurs of the Alps at Genoa, to reinforce Garibaldi, was effected without any possibility of the Government offering resistance, as it was known that if troops had been marched down to stop the shipment of these auxiliaries, the soldiers would have commenced going on board themselves.

FRANCE.—The latest reports from the prefects dwell upon the subjects especially calling for the attention of Government to the probability of a bad harvest, and the really fearful stagnation of trade. It is stated that £6,000,000 sterling is about to be borrowed for the further improvement of Paris.

The Emperor was to leave Paris on the 15th for Baden, to meet the Prince Regent of Prussia and other German sovereigns.

On the 19th the Emperor was to hold a grand military review to celebrate the annexation of Savoy and Nice, which will be formally accomplished on that day.

ITALY.—MARSEILLES, June 9.—Letters from Rome to 5th inst., state that fresh bands were menacing the frontiers, to which General Lamoricier had sent more troops.

An official decree had extended the delay for the subscription to the new loan until the 15th of July next. The Cardinals had held an extraordinary meeting, and subscribed 50,000 crowns, but the public revenues were diminishing daily.

The "Peter's Pence" had only produced 500,000 crowns.

Numerous families were arriving from Naples.

GREAT BRITAIN.—In the House of Lords, on the 7th inst., Lord Teynham moved a series of resolutions virtually endorsing the doctrine of universal suffrage; but the proposition was ridiculed, and negatived without a division.

In the House of Commons, on the same evening, the Reform Bill again came up for consideration.

The House divided on the motion for the adjournment of the debate, the result being—for the adjournment, 248; against it, 260; majority for Government 21. The Reform Bill has been since withdrawn by the government.

The Great Eastern was advertised to sail on Saturday, the 16th inst. The Great Eastern made a trial trip of 12 hours to sea and 12 back. The trial was satisfactory, although her speed was not exceeding 13½ knots, and the average 12½. It is confidently anticipated that she will reach New York inside of ten days. An American firm is said to have offered to hire the vessel for one month's exhibition in New York, on terms which would have ensured the company a dividend of five per cent. or upwards. The offer was declined.

The Government Expedition, under command of Captain McClintock, having orders only to survey the proposed deep sea line of route for the North Atlantic Telegraph, it had been determined by the promoters of the enterprise to despatch a private expedition in the late Arctic cruiser Fox, under the command of Captain Allen Young, to survey the overland route as well as the northern shores, and to determine the most suitable points for landing the cable, as well as the best locality for a terminus in the north of Scotland. The Fox was expected to be ready to sail about the first of July.

FRANCE.—It is stated that, immediately after the formal annexation of Savoy and Nice, France will address a note to the European Powers, notifying the fact, and demanding a reply as a recognition of the annexation by Europe.

The French Government has requested the Belgian Cabinet to make proposals, with the object of concluding a Commercial Treaty.

The health of Prince Jerome Bonaparte had so far improved that no bulletins were being issued.

Mrs. Franklin and her daughter, accompanied by Mr. Faulkner, the American Minister, had been presented to the Emperor and Empress.

The Paris Bourse was very dull, and on the 8th closed at 68.20.

ROME.—Baron Bardini is appointed Minister of Commerce and Public Works, in place of Amici, who remains in the Cabinet without a portfolio.

Enlistments for the Papal army had increased in the south of Ireland; orders had, however, been issued to stop recruiting for the present, as there were no means of transport, and the places of rendezvous in London were quite full.

AUSTRIA.—The Austrian Government, with the view of reorganizing the representative system of the provinces, was about to extend the authority of the Central Congregation in Venetia. A deliberative vote will be granted to it on a large number of administrative questions. The decisions of this Congregation will become law upon being signed by the President. It will, in future, decide on judicial affairs without further appeal. The only reservation made in favor of the Central Administration is the approbation of the proposed expenditure and revision of the provincial treasury accounts. In order to re-establish the national character of the municipal system in Venetia, all the franchises and immunities granted by the patent of 26th April, 1815, are to be confirmed.

TURKEY.—Sir H. Bulwer informed the English mercantile body, at a levee at Constantinople, that he had been requested by the French Ambassador, M. de Lavalette, to inform the English merchants that he never said what had been represented; and that, far from expressing any fears, he had, on the contrary, encouraged the French merchants to continue their operations, provided they were, as he doubted not, of a legitimate mercantile and industrial nature. Some changes had taken place in the Turkish Cabinet.

LIVERPOOL, June 14.—Cotton is depressed—quotations have declined ¼d.

Flour is in better demand—fair qualities 6d. dearer. Wheat has also advanced. Corn is lower.

Provisions are steady—but not very brisk.

ANECDOTE OF LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

In the recently published "Travels and Adventures" of the Rev. Joseph Wolff, the Jewish Missionary, the following curious account of a passage between him and Lady Hester Stanhope is given:

"When thus arrived at Sidon, Wolff said to Col. Cradock, 'I have a letter with me for Miss Williams, who resides with Lady Hester Stanhope. This I will send to her, and write her a civil line; but I shall not mention Lady Hester Stanhope's name. So the letter was sent to Mar Elias, Lady Hester Stanhope's residence, and an Arab servant conveyed it. But instead of a letter from Miss Williams, one came for Wolff from Lady Hester herself, which ran as follows:

"'I am astonished that an apostate should dare to thrust himself into observation in my family. Had you been a learned Jew, you never would have abandoned a religion rich in itself, though defective; nor would you have embraced the shadow of a one—I mean the Christian religion. Light travels faster than sound, therefore the Supreme Being could not have allowed His creatures to live in darkness for nearly 2,000 years, until paid speculating wanderers deem it proper to raise their venal voices to enlighten them.

"'HESTER LUCY STANHOPE.'

"To this Dr. Wolff replied:

"'*To the Right Hon. Lucy Hester Stanhope:*

"'MADAM:—I have just received a letter which bears your ladyship's signature, but I doubt its being genuine, as I never had the honor of writing to your ladyship ——— mentioning your name in my letter to Miss Williams. With regard to my views and pursuits, they give me perfect rest and happiness, and they must be quite immaterial to your ladyship.

"'I have the honor to be

"'Your most humble

"'and obedient servant,

"'JOSEPH WOLFF.'

"Wolff sent this answer by the same servant as before. On Lady Hester receiving it, she perused it, and desired the man to wait, that she might give him a present. She then came out with a whip, kicked the poor fellow behind, and sent him away. He came back lame to Wolff, and told him that the daughter of the King of England had beaten him. Wolff, in order to satisfy him, gave him a dollar, for which he dares say the man would have gladly undergone another beating at the same price from the daughter of the King of England."

THE HOMESTEAD BILL PASSED.—The Conference Committee of the two Houses, on the *twelfth* meeting, finally agreed. By the compromise agreed on, all the land subject to private entry is to be open for homesteads at 25 cents per acre, and also one-half of the surveyed public lands which has not yet been offered at public sale, that is, the odd-numbered sections. Preemptors now on the public lands are to have two years after the passage of the act to pay for their lands, and to pay then at half price, 62½ cents per acre. The Senate is to strike out their section requiring the President to sell the public lands two years after their survey. The House conferees desired to extend the bill to all over twenty-one years of age, whether heads of families or not, and to sell the surveyed lands, but this being declined, acceded to the above, with the reservation that they accepted it as the best the Senate would yield, and would insist on its enlargement hereafter.

The bill passed both Houses, but was returned with the Presidential veto. The President objected to the bill that it really gave away the public land, which he considered unconstitutional. He also considered it unjust to the old soldiers, as lessening the value of their bounty lands, and argued that it made an invidious distinction in favor of foreigners over Americans, &c. The question was then put, "Shall the bill pass, the objections of the President notwithstanding?" It was not passed—two-thirds not voting therefor, as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Anthony, Brown, Chandler, Clark, Doolittle, Durkee, Fessenden, Fitch, Foot, Foster, Gwin, Hale, Hamlin, Harlan, King, Lane, Latham, Nicholson, Polk, Pugh, Rice, Simmons, Sumner, Teneyck, Trumbull, Wade, Wilkinson, Wilson—28.

Nays—Messrs. Bragg, Chesnut, Crittenden, Davis, Fitzpatrick, Green, Hemphill, Hunter, Iverson, Johnson, (Tenn.) Johnson, (Arkansas) Mallory, Mason, Pearce, Powell, Sebastian, Wigfall, Yulee—18.

Mr. Johnson (Tenn.) voted by mistake in the negative.

AN Irish paper says it is generally reported in Turin that Victor Emmanuel has contracted a private marriage with a person of questionable propriety and low origin.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 202—Adults 84, and children 118.

☞ It is satisfactory to the Second Advent people, to know that J. V. Himes, the leader of the American flock, has made an agreement with Dr. Cummins, whereby the end of all things, including the world, is to take place in 1867.

BRAVE YOUNG LADY.—On the night of the 13th instant, Miss Moore, the daughter of the keeper of the Light-House on Fairweather Island, just below Bridgeport, Connecticut, heard cries for help at a distance from the shore, and determined that an effort should be made to rescue whomever it might be. It was too dark to tell the direction or the distance, but summoning two young men to her aid, she launched the boat belonging to the Light-House, and ordered them to pull out in the direction of the cries, she herself holding the tiller. About two miles out in the Sound they found a sail-boat capsized, and clinging to it two men, who were nearly exhausted. One of them was entirely helpless, but both were finally rescued from death by the courage of this brave girl, and brought safely to shore. Mr. Moore, the keeper of the light, has been for some years afflicted with ill-health, and when unable to see to the details of his office, this daughter assumes the entire management, trimming the beacon with her own fair hands.

THE TARIFF.—The meeting to reconsider the postponement of the Tariff till next December was carried by sixteen majority—ayes 33, nays 17. All the Republicans present voted in the affirmative, with nine Democrats.

Ayes—Anthony, *Bigler*, Cameron, Chandler, Clark, Collamer, CRITTENDEN, *Davis*, Doolittle, Durkee, Fessenden, *Fitch*, Foot, Foster, Hale, Hamlin, Harlan, KENNEDY, King, *Lane, Latham, Nicholson, Polk, Powell*, Seward, Simmons, Sumner, Ten Eyck, *Thomson*, Trumbull, Wade, Wilkinson, Wilson—33.

Nays—Bragg, Brown, Chesnut, Fitzpatrick, Green, Gwin, Hammond, Hemphill, Hunter, Iverson, Johnson of Tenn., Mallory, Mason, Rice, Toombs, Wigfall, Yulee—17.

After the motion succeeded, Mr. Lane moved his amendment of the Tariff of 1846.

A NEW ORLEANS paper tells a story which may not be true, but which is certainly not improbable. A New York school girl thought it would be an excellent joke to advertise in a city paper for a husband; she did so, and of course received replies. The writer of one of these, who pretended to be the son of rich parents at the South, made her acquaintance without the knowledge of her family, and finally induced her to elope with him, promising to marry her in Cincinnati. Of course he did not fulfil this promise, and of course the silly girl was ruined. She was then left alone in New Orleans. She was driven by her despair to attempt suicide, but was prevented from accomplishing this design. A volume of such stories, however, would not keep some schoolgirls from indulgence in anonymous flirtations.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—9000 bbls have been taken for export at $5,25 for superfine; $5,50@5,62½ for extras, and $5,75@6 for family, as to quality, including 2000 bbls Western extra on private terms. The sales to the trade have been to a fair extent within the above range of prices for superfine and extras, and from $6,25 to 7 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. The receipts continue light. Rye Flour is unsettled and lower, some 300 bbls having been sold at $3,75@3,87½ ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is rather more inquired for, and about 800 bbls Penna Meal sold at $3,37½ ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—The market has been fairly supplied with Wheat. The week's sales foot up about 25,000 bus at from $1,15 to 1,35 for common to good and choice reds, and $1,35 to 1,50 for white. Rye is lower, some 7000 bus Penna sold at 77@78c, and Delaware at 73c. Corn—27,000 bus yellow at 67@68c for good and prime Southern and Penna, mostly at the latter price, afloat, and 60@65c for inferior to fair quality. Oats have been dull and drooping, and about 18,000 bus sold at 40@38c for Delaware and Jersey, and 42@41c for Penna, closing at the latter figures. Of Barley Malt, sales of 4000 bus are reported at 87½c for spring, and 94c for winter.

PROVISIONS—Mess Pork is selling in a small way at $18,75, prime at $15, and City Mess Beef [illegible] ₱ bbl. Bacon moves off as wanted at 10½@12½c for common to good and choice Hams, 10½@10¾c for Sides, and 8½@8¾c for Shoulders.—Green Meats are rather scarce. Hams in salt are selling at 9½@9¾c, Sides at 10c, and Shoulders at 8c, on time, now held higher. For Lard the market is better, and 1000 bbls and tcs, all that could be had, have been taken at 12@12½c, cash and short time, holders now ask 12½c for prime, and 12½@13c in kegs. Butter continues dull, and the sales limited at 9@12c for packed and roll. Cheese is selling as wanted at 11@11½c for New York.—Eggs are better, and worth 14c ₱ doz.

COTTON—The week's sales reach about 1100 bales, in lots, at from 5 up to 12@13½c for inferior to middling and middling fair Uplands and Gulfs, cash and time, mostly at equal to 12c cash, for good middling Uplands.

BARK—Quercitron is rather lower, with sales of about 100 hhds, in lots, at $28 for 1st No 1, at which rate there is a steady demand. The receipts are light. Of Tanners' Bark, sales are making at $14@15 for Spanish, and $11@12 ₱ cord for Chestnut Oak.

BEESWAX meets with a steady demand at 34c ₱ ℔ for good Yellow.

COAL—Orders are coming in more freely, and, with moderate receipts, prices are well sustained and firm, the tendency being to a further advance.

COFFEE—The market is active and very firm, with a reduced stock; sales comprise about 2500 bags Rio at 13@14c, including an entire cargo, just arrived, at the latter rate; 500 bags Laguayra at 13½@13¾c, all on the usual terms.

COPPER is dull, the demand for both Sheathing and Yellow Metal being limited, and prices about the same as last quoted.

FEATHERS are scarce, and selling in a small way at 50@51c for good Western.

FRUIT—Green fruit is scarce. Of Carolina Pea Nuts, which are scarce and high, about 1500 bus have been sold at $1,75@1,80 ₱ bus, which is an advance.

HEMP is dull, and no sales have come under our notice.

HIDES—The receipts and stocks are very light, and the market firm.

HOPS move off as wanted at 10@14c ₱ ℔ for Eastern and Western, as in quality.

IRON continues dull and unsettled, with sales of about 2000 tons Anthracite Pig Metal to notice, in lots, at $23 for No 1, and $22 for No 2, on time, including 1000 tons Gray Forge at a private bargain. Scotch Pig is quiet at quotations. In Blooms and Boiler Iron there is very little doing. Bars and Rails sell slowly, and prices are nominally unchanged.

LEAD—There is very little doing, and buyers and sellers are apart in their views.

LEATHER is inactive, but no sales of any moment are reported, and the market generally is unchanged.

LUMBER is arriving, and selling freely at $14@18 for white pine; $14@16 for Yellow Sap, and $10½ ₱ M for Lehigh Hemlock Boards. Laths and Pickets are dull. Shingles, no change.

MOLASSES is very dull; a few small sales of Cuba only are reported at 25@30c, and some New Orleans at 46½@47c, on the usual credit.

SEEDS—A few lots of Cloverseed sold at $4,25@4,50 ₱ bushel—the latter for prime, which is wanted at this figure. Nothing doing in Timothy or Flaxseed, and prices are nominally unchanged, and domestic seed scarce.

SPIRITS—There is very little doing in Brandy and Gin, and the market is firm. N E Rum sells as wanted at 35@36c. Whiskey is better, Penna bbls selling at 21@21½c; Western and Prison do 21½@22c. Drudge 19½@20c, and hhds 20½@21c, and not much coming in.

SUGARS—The firmness of holders has had a tendency to limit operations, and only about 900 hhds have been taken by the trade and for refining at 6¼@7¾c for Cuba; 7@8c for Porto Rico, and 8¼@8¾c for New Orleans, on time.

TALLOW is dull, and city rendered sells in a small way at 10½c ₱ ℔.

TOBACCO—There is no new feature in the market, and about the usual business doing in both Leaf and Manufactured.

WOOL—The new clip is beginning to arrive more freely from the West; the sales being mostly in small lots at from 30 to 50c for common to good and prime fleece, including some fine old clip at 55c ₱ ℔.

THE LONDON TIMES.—The London correspondent of Leeds, England, Mercury, writing of the managers and management of the London Times, says:—"Mr. Walter is not the only great proprietor of that paper, for a Mrs. Anne Brodie is nearly, if not equally, as much concerned in its prosperity, though she is too great an invalid to sit at that fearful council-board Mr. Horsman speaks of. The paper is, however, divided into sixteen shares. Among the names will be found Hogge, Cardens, Tites, Woods, &c., and, in fact, it is a little joint-stock company in which there is no Rothschild, as rumor sometime since asserted. As regards the influence of Mr. Walter, I may mention instances enough when smart and damaging articles have been written in the Times against some political policy in the morning's paper, and Mr. Walter's name has been afterwards found in the list of those who voted for the measure. I do not think it is generally known, and I may notice it is a matter of gossip, that the mighty and wealthy Times was once sold for twelve cauldrons of coals—when things were, of course, not quite so bright and pleasant as at present."

THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH.—The Empress Eugenie is occasionally subject to fits of ungovernable passion, and the story goes in Paris that, at the late grand masked ball, she gave a most extraordinary proof of it. Having lost her way towards the vestibule, she was proceeding up the imperial staircase, when she was stopped by the *chef de bal*, who thrust her back, to prevent her ascending. She complained in the most violent terms. The chamberlain answered her in a manner which she thought affronting. Without unmasking, she said, "Do you know, sir, that I am of the blood of France?" "Oh, yes, madam, and of the hottest blood in it," replied the inflexible functionary.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

June 23.—FLOUR quiet, sales of 8,000 bbls.—State unchanged; Ohio $5,65@5,80; Southern $5,65@6; Wheat has advanced, 90,000 bus sold; winter Wheat 1@2c higher, Western 140@142c; spring Wheat dull and unchanged. Corn has also advanced. 15,000 bus sold; mixed 66@67c. Pork firm, market quiet; Mess $17,50@18,30. Lard firm at 12@12½c. Whiskey steady at 26½c.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 2600 head. The prices ranged from 5½ to 10c ₱ ℔. Sheep—3000 head were sold at from 3½@4½c ₱ ℔. Cows—200 head were sold at $75 to 50, according to quality. Hogs—1313 head were sold at $7,50@8,50 ₱ 100 ℔s.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. ABRAHAM SENIOR, to Miss HANNAH STRAIN, both of this city.

On the 19th instant, at the Church of the Atonement, by the Rev. Bishop Potter, WILLIAM H. RICHARDS, to Miss EMILY H. MASON, both of this city.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. D. G. Carrow, J. W. HARRIS, to CAROLINE A. daughter of C. J. Delacroix, both of this city.

April 9th, 1860, by the Rev. W. Mullen, Mr. ARCHIBALD A. CARSON, to Miss ANNA J. BLACK, both of this city.

In Manayunk, on the evening of the 17th instant, by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. JOHN HANSELL, of Lower Merion, to Miss EMMA GRAUL, of Reading, Pa.

By the Rev. J. M. Douglass, on Monday evening, 11th of June, Mr. ROBERT BAINBRIDGE, late of Ireland, to MARGARET, daughter of Mr. William Shaw, of this city.

On the 11th instant, at Dunleith, Illinois, by the Rev. J. Watts, Mr. CHARLES A. BECK, formerly of this city, to Miss ROCCENA M. BURT, daughter of Russel R. Burt, of Dunleith, Ill.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the morning of the 19th instant, STEPHEN POULTNEY, in his 72d year.

On the 15th instant, after a long and severe illness, Dr WILLIAM GRIB, in his 69th year.

On the 18th instant, SARAH BOYD, in her 81st year.

On the 18th instant, Mrs. ANN SNYDER, wife of Mr. Robert Snyder, aged 39 years.

On the 18th instant, STEWART HINDMAN, in his 79th year.

On the 19th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH MERCER, relict of the late David Mercer, in her 78th year.

On the 18th instant, WILLIAM MEYNER, in his 27th year.

On the 17th instant, at Atlantic City, N. Jersey, BENJAMIN C. DOWNING, aged 48 years.

On the 18th instant, JOSEPH KENNY, in his 47th year.

On the 17th instant, Mrs. ANN DICKSON, relict of the late Wm. Dickson, in his 46th year.

On the 17th instant, CHRISTOPHER L. FRENO, in his 36th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, June 23, 1860.

PENNSYLVANIA.		MISSISSIPPI.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	All bks	uncertain
NEW JERSEY.		LOUISIANA.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
DELAWARE		OHIO.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
MARYLAND.		KENTUCKY.	
Baltimore	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	INDIANA.	
NEW YORK.		State bank	1 to 1½ dis
Sol bks	par to ¼ dis	ILLINOIS.	
MAINE.		Solv bks	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	MISSOURI.	
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		Solv bks	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	TENNESSEE.	
VERMONT.		Old bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	MICHIGAN.	
CONNECTICUT.		Solv bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	WISCONSIN.	
MASSACHUSETTS.		Solv bks	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	TEXAS.	
RHODE ISLAND.		Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	— dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	IOWA.	
VIRGINIA.		State bk	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ to 1 dis	KANSAS.	
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		Kansas Valley bk	5 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	MINNESOTA.	
NORTH CAROLINA.		Bank St. Paul	5 dis
Solv bks	¼ to 1½ dis	CANADA.	
GEORGIA.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	FLORIDA.	
SOUTH CAROLINA.		State bk	1 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis		
ALABAMA.			
Solv bks	1 to 2 dis		

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HUNT & MINER, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEO. N. LEWIS, 28 West 5th St., Cincinnati, O.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHNSON & TREANOR, Nashville, Tenn.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULLEMET, Mobile, Ala.
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THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856		
" " '62	108	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	109	—
" 5 " coupon '74s	102¾	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	104	104½
" " new	104½	105
" 5 "	84	—
Pitts 6 pr ct.	75	—
" " coupon	65	70
All'y City 6 pr ct	65	73
" County	43	50
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	96¾	97
Penn 6 "	91½	92
" 5 " coupon	80	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri "	89¾	—
Ohio " 1860	106¾	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	99½
Virginia "	97½	—
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds	91¾	92
N Y City, '67-8	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	143	148
Philadelphia	118	118½
Far & Mec	57	—
Commercial	50	—
N Liberty	81	82
Mechanics	26½	27
Southwark	69	—
P Township	35	35½
Kensington	60	—
Girard	46½	46¾
Western	65	68
Man & Mec	26½	27
Commerce	—	70
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	43	—
Consolidation	22½	—
Commonwealth	31	32½
Corn Exchange	25	—
Germantown	—	88
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	58	—
Exchange "	58	—
Kentucky, Ky	125	126
Northern "	126	—
Louisville "	125	—
Farmers "	118	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	91½	92
Planters "	130	—
N O Gas Light	190	200
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	3	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	24	25
Lehigh Zinc	14	15
New Creek	—	1
New Grenada	—	1
N America Ins Co	17	20
N Liberties Gas	—	50
Southwark and Frankford R R	53½	54
Bonds	92	95

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R 1st mort bonds	102	—
2nd "	89½	90½
stock	38½	38¾
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	—	102
stock	136	138
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	—	84½
mort 6's '44	102½	102¾
" '86	74½	75
stock	20½	20¾
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	94	95
stock	52	—
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	43	44
6 pr ct loan, '60	97½	98
Ches Val R R, '73	96	—
Tioga R R '75	—	85
Wil ms & Elmira 7's 1st mort	67	70
2nd "	13½	—
stock	1	1½
Catawissa	1	1
Beaver Meadow stock	63½	64½
preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penn'a R R stock	8½	9
6 pr ct loan	70½	71
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock, div'd off	49	50
6 pr ct loan	97	100
Minehill R R	62	—
Har & Lan R R stock	57½	58
bonds '85	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	13	15
Long Island R R stock	124	125
bonds	83	85
Erie R R stock	—	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	80½	—
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois "	57½	—
Michigan Southern	17½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '92	74½	75
imp. 6 pr ct	30	—
stock	—	8½
preferred	21½	22
Lehigh Nav stock	54½	54¾
mort 6 pr ct	100	101
scrip	20¾	27
Morris Canal'd	30½	30¾
preferred	113	114
Ches & Del	40	—
bonds	79	—
Union	1	—
bonds	—	20
Bus & Tidewater	3½	4
bonds, 1870	90¾	—

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It demonstrates the popular theory of vast deserts and uninhabitable regions between Kansas and California, to be utterly without foundation.

It points out the existence of GOLD and PRECIOUS METALS in MASS, in locations yet unopened, and in

Wit and Humor.

TO THE BEAUX.

How hard it is to please the beaux;
They are, indeed, the queerest set;
If I but smile and kiss my hand,
They say I am a vain coquette.

And if I gaily laugh and talk,
Each moment through the livelong day—
"Oh! what chatter-box she is!"
The wretches all are sure to say.

If I am grave and dignified,
Without a word but yes and no—
"Oh! what a stupid girl!" is cried
Throughout the town by every beau.

And if I sigh and roll my eyes,
Or nod and dip and toss my head—
"A poor, affected, silly thing!"
Exclaim that spiteful Tom and Ned.

Alas! alas! what shall I do
To keep them all from talking so?
To know, I'd give my heart and hand
To any handsome, clever beau.

ETIQUETTE OF EQUITATION.

When a gentleman is to accompany a lady on horseback:

1st. There must be two horses. (Pillions are out of fashion, except in some parts of Wales, Australia and New Jersey.)

2d. One horse must have a side saddle. The gentleman will not mount this horse. By bearing this in mind, he will soon find no difficulty in recognizing his own steed.

3d. The gentleman will assist the lady to mount, and adjust her foot in the stirrup.—There being but one stirrup, he will learn upon which side to assist the lady after very little practice.

4th. He will then mount himself. As there are two stirrups to his saddle, he may mount on either side; but by no means on both. At least, not at the same time. The former is generally considered the most graceful method of mounting. If he has known Mr. Rarey, he may mount without the aid of stirrups. If not, he may try, but will probably fail.—Should he wish to display a sportive eccentricity, he may climb up the animal's tail.

5th. The gentleman should always ride on the right side of the lady. According to some authorities, the right side is the left. According to others, the other is the right. If the gentleman be left-handed, this will, of course, make a difference. Should he be ambidexter, it will be indifferent.

6th. If the gentleman and lady meet persons on the road, these will probably be strangers. That is, if they are not acquaintances. In either case, the lady and gentleman must govern themselves accordingly. Perhaps the latter is the evidence of highest breeding.

7th. If they be going in different directions, they will not be expected to ride in company. Nor must these request those to turn and join the others. And *vice versa*. This is indecorous, and indicates a want of *savoir vivre*.

8th. If the gentleman's horse throw him, he must not expect him to pick him up. Nor the lady. But otherwise the lady may. This is important to be borne in mind by both.

9th. On their return, the gentleman will dismount first and assist the lady from her horse. But he must not expect the same courtesy in return.

10th. There are three ways of dismounting a lady. First, with the hand and knee. This is the way-respectful-and-ceremonious. Second, by receiving the lady in your arms. This is the way-gallant-and-tender. Third, by presenting your shoulders, and carrying the lady to the door or vestibule "pick-a-back." This is the way-humorous-and-familiar.

N. B.—The rules apply equally to every species of equitation; as pony-riding, donkey-riding, goat-riding, rocking-horse-riding, or "riding on a rail." There will, of course, however, be modifications required, according to the form and style of the animal.

Exception.—There are special rules adapted to equitation on Shank's Mare—but we reserve them for another occasion.

A CALIFORNIA TRIAL.

A fellow named Donks was lately tried at Yuba city, for entering a miner's tent and seizing a bag of gold dust, valued at eighty-four dollars. The testimony showed that he had once been employed there, and knew exactly where the owner kept his dust; that on the night of October 19th he cut a slit in the tent, reached in, took the bag, and then ran off.

Jim Buller, the principal witness, testified that he saw the hole cut, saw the man reach in, and heard him run away.

"I put for him at once," continued the witness, "but when I cotched him I didn't find Bill's bag; but it was found afterwards where he had throwed it."

Counsel for the prisoner.—How far did he get in when he took the dust?

Buller.—Well, he was stoopin' over—about half in, I should say.

Counsel.—May it please your honor, the indictment isn't sustained, and I shall demand an acquittal on direction of the court. The prisoner is on trial for entering a dwelling in the night time with intent to steal. The testimony is clear, that he made an opening, through which he protruded himself about half way, and, stretching out his arms, committed the theft. But the indictment charges that he actually entered the tent or dwelling. Now, your honor, can a man enter a house, when only one-half of his body is in, and the other half out?

Judge.—I shall leave the whole matter to the jury. They must judge of the law and the fact as proved.

The jury brought in a verdict of "guilty," as to one-half of his body from the waist up, and "not guilty," as to the other half.

The judge sentenced the guilty half to two years' imprisonment, leaving it to the prisoner's option to have the not guilty half cut off or take it along with him. A judgment, we think, worthy of Solomon.

SIMPLE DIVISION.

A Southern planter named P——, pretty well to do in the world now, was, some twenty years ago, a poor boy on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. One of the most marked traits of his character was an inordinate love of money. In the course of time, P—— was of age, and thought it was about time to get married. He went to a neighboring village, and was introduced to the daughter of Judge B——.

"Fine gal," said the embryo speculator to his friends, who were gaining him an entrance among the elite.

"Very."

"How much might Judge B—— be worth?"

"About ten thousand dollars," was the reply.

"And how many children has he got?" continued P——.

"Only three."

"Three into ten goes *three times and a third over*," mentally ciphered P——.

Here was a chance, and he improved it, too. He made love to the beautiful and unsophisticated daughter of the Judge and all his possessions. Strange to say, for he was as uncouth a looking cur as ever went unlicked, his suit prospered, and they were married. The honeymoon passed off as all honeymoons do, and they were happy. The bride was lively and chatty, and made allusions to her brothers and sisters. Startled at so many names he thought should not be in the catalogue of relations, one evening at tea he said:

"My dear, I thought there were but three of you."

"So there are, but pa's first wife had eight more."

"Eleven into ten, *no times and none over*," said the astonished P——, who had jumped up and kicked over a chair, and groaned in perfect agony. "I'm sold!"

A NEW VIEW.—The Battle Record refers in high terms to a sermon delivered by a preacher of Oroville. He took David and Goliah for the text, and, with a sufficient quantum of "rattling and thumping," expounded after this fashion:

"Now, my hearers, what do you suppose was the reason that David was so mighty willin' to go out an' fight Goliar! Was it because he wanted to serve God? No!

"Was it because he had religion intil him? No!

"Was it because he wanted to do good giner'ly? No!

"I'll tell you what he did it for, and there ain't no use anybody's denyin' on't—he was struck after one of Saul's gals."

MISERABLE SINGERS.—A certain divine gave out a psalm to his choristers, who attempted to set it to a new tune; but, having made a blunder, the clergyman, when he came to that part of the litany, 'Lord have mercy on us miserable sinners," in his turn made another blunder, and read it as follows:—"Lord have Mercy on our miserable singers."

SONGS OF BIRDS.

It is remarked, as a high compliment to the English language, that a large number of birds speak this language only. There is "Whip-Poor-Will," "Chuck Will's Widow," "Whip Tom Kelly," and "Kill Will Willet;" these seem to be among the more savage or vindictive spirits, judging them by their words. There are others that have a strong predilection for the facetious, among which the Bob-o'-link stands pre-eminent, who seems to delight in a pretty extensive variation of words, according to different authorities. One writer asserts that he has heard distinctly the following: "Bob o' Lincoln, see, Mary Lincoln, velvet pantaloons and summer jacket, oh! Bobby Lincoln won't let Mary Lincoln gad about one over clover top, dock weed and apple tree." According to Prof. Nuttal, a more common song is in these words: "Bod-o'-link, Tom Downey! come pay me the two and sixpence you've owed me more than a year and a-half ago, it's clear!" But yesterday, in walking through the fields, there was one little fellow that seemed to possess uncommon volubility, who began about thus: "See here! see here! I've read in the religious newspapers—I've read in the religious newspapers"—and then pausing a moment, as if hesitating in uttering the rest of the sentence, he at length gave the whole with most uncommon rapidity, "I've read in the religious newspapers that the Methodist ministers ministers are not such ignorant or-e a tures as the dev'l dev'l dev'l would have them be-e-e!"

Birds, like human beings, seem to have a great propensity for medical prescriptions. I have heard a Baltimore oriole very distinctly and repeatedly assert, "creosote, creosote, cure cure tooth-ache!"—and another which I now hear from my open window where I am writing, repeatedly assures me, "Liquorice, extract, cure cure cough!" The late Dr. King, who resided in the western part of New York, said that nothing was more common than for the robins to perch upon the stalks at the roadside, and shout to him as he passed along on his medical visits, "kill 'em! kill 'em, cure 'em! cure 'em! give 'em physic, physic, physic!"

The song sparrow has much variation in his words. A tailor once told me that one of them often came near his window with the caution, "Prick yer finger, suck it suck it well!—while the school-boy often hears their successful attempts at spelling out the word cessation, "c-e-s-s-a-t-i-o-n!" giving a musical drawl and twist at the end.—*Country Gentleman.*

DOMESTIC LIFE.—How sweet it is when the heart expands and the mind kindles by reciprocated kindliness and knowledge! And sweeter far in domestic life is it to rest the wearied heart and mind on the chastened expression of sympathy lighting up the well known and beloved countenance of one who has often treated our sorrows with compassion, returned long-suffering to our tryingness, and shown enduring fidelity in our burdens—endeared to us like a gallant ship, which, though the gloss of its new paint and rigging may be worn less bright, yet in its very scars marks the tenacity with which its anchors have held, and its rudder answered the helmsman, through many a storm and tempest.

THE NEW FASHION.

Frank admires the way the ladies now have of putting up their hair in nets so much, that he has concluded to adopt the same fashion for his beard. He says "it works well—only it makes him a little too irresistible for his own peace of mind." Frank has a tender conscience, and it pains him to be breaking hearts continually.

Agricultural.

WOOD VS. IRON AXLETREES.

I have had considerable experience in getting up wagons, being a blacksmith, and keeping several carriages for my own use, and to let; and I have for some time been inclined to think that the wooden axle is the best for all wagons, both heavy and light, unless they are to be used upon an almost dead level road. This hauling about over our hilly roads heavy iron axles is not what it is cracked up to be. An iron-axled ox wagon is something of a load in itself for one yoke of oxen on some of our steep roads, as they add from one-third to one-half to the weight of any wagon or carriage. Some of our lightest buggies are literally loaded with iron: the more the better—"Why?" Because they sell better; most people "love to see a well ironed wagon; it is strong and light, because the iron is so very small." Very well: but is not wood much lighter? an axle of wood is not half as heavy as one of iron, and will perhaps stand twice the strain. We seldom, if ever, find a wooden one broken at the shoulder, yet it is quite common to see the iron thus broken. A carriage constructed almost entirely of wood might look quite clumsy beside a York buggy, while at the same time it might not weigh more than half as much and be equally durable and strong. If the iron upon a carriage is not screwed up tight, it soon rattles and helps to shake the vehicle to pieces. Few people attend to this, and therefore, the more iron the worse the carriage.

I have recently got up a wagon, somewhat resembling a York buggy; its weight is two hundred and fifty pounds, but had I used steel instead of iron tires, its weight would not have exceeded two hundred and twenty, while its capacity to carry a load is equal to a common Concord wagon, which weighs about four hundred and twenty-five pounds. It is also much quieter while running, and being composed mostly of wood, is less complicated and liable to get out of repair. The axles are walnut and without skeins or dogs. The boxes were polished and so arranged that no dirt can enter them. It would seem that they cannot last long, but this is a mistake; it is the dirt and the getting dry that cut out any axle or shaft. In many of our machine shops maple and walnut are used for boxes where the gear runs at almost lightning speed, and are said to be better than any composition metal whatever. A machinist once told me that a box made of white pine would last longer than an iron one of the same kind as the shaft. It should be remembered that the shaft is always polished. Now, just polish the boxes for your wagon, get the best locust, or walnut, for the axles, and a man who understands setting them on (but few do, and this is one reason why so few are used) and you will be surprised to see how light your carriage is, and how little it has cost. But it is not the iron axle alone that costs money, but the necessary fixtures to go with it—clasps, yokes, fetchels and bolts to secure them with, all of which must be attended to every time the carriage is taken out. An objector may say, "Your hubs must be much larger for a wooden than for an iron axle," not so: use short boxes and the centre of the hub will need no more cutting out than for the ordinary pipe box, while the friction in the former, will not exceed that of the latter.

For wagons of heavy draught, nothing is found better to fasten on the wheels than the old-fashioned linch-pin; but for riding carriages, I think the best fixture is the one I have adopted, which is a joint bolt about twelve inches long, a nut to receive it being set into the axle near the sand band; the head of this bolt is about an inch square. The end of this axle is cut off even with the end of the hub; a steel plate washer covers the axle and so much of the hub as to keep the wheel in its place. The plate, of course, has a hole in the centre to admit the bolt before mentioned, and another hole near it for a short pivot, to prevent the plate from turning. This is a very neat fixture, and there is no possibility of its getting out of repair. The bands upon my hubs are silver-plated, and there is no neater wagon on the road. So close is the resemblance to an iron axle, that but few wagon-builders would discover the difference until their attention was particularly called to this part.—*Correspondent of Boston Cultivator.*

WHAT CONSTITUTES LEGAL UNSOUNDNESS IN HORSES.

A Knee-sprung horse can hardly be said to be unsound. He may be a very fast horse, and can endure with ease the labor of any common, ordinary horse, although there is an alteration of structure which unfits him for the race-course. This would not be likely to produce disease or lameness; he would be more likely to grow better than worse, if used for common purposes. But, if so bad as to produce stumbling and falling, he would be unsound, and a warranty should be taken against such *defects*.

Capped Hock cannot be considered unsoundness, if produced by an uneven stable floor, or by kicking; but if produced by a sprain, and a permanent thickening and enlargement of membranes, there would be unsoundness. A special warranty should be required in such cases.

Contraction of the Hoof is a considerable deviation from the natural form of the foot, but does not necessarily constitute unsoundness. It requires, however, a most careful examination by the purchaser, to ascertain that there is no fever or ossification of the cartilage; that the frog is not diseased; that the animal is not tender-footed or lame. Unless some of these symptoms are indicated, he must not be pronounced unsound. A special warranty should be required where the feet are contracted.

Corns manifestly constitute unsoundness. Although few men lay much stress on this malady, still much inconvenience and many times serious difficulties must be encountered by them, as they are seldom thoroughly cured. Many horses are almost constantly lame with corns, through a scrofulous habit of the system. A warranty against such animals would be safe.

Trembling Knees.—This cannot be considered unsoundness; yet it is precursory symptoms of *knee-sprung*. Trembling of the knees after a smart exercise indicates weakness, and should be regarded as objectionable.

A Cough constitutes unsoundness, however slight or of short standing. If a horse is noticed to cough before the purchase, or immediately afterward, he is diseased; but if warranted sound, and the cough is not discovered till one or two days afterward, he is not returnable; for a few hours is sufficient to contract a cough, by taking cold while standing in a damp, musty, stable, or by eating different feed, musty hay, &c.

Roaring, Wheezing or Whistling is unsoundness, being the result of alteration of structure, or disease in the air passages. Although there have been decisions to the contrary, courts and jurors are often at a loss, for the want of intelligent witnesses; and if a veterinary surgeon is called to the stand, not having seen the animal, he is liable to be mistaken from misrepresentation. *Broken wind* is still more decidedly unsoundness.

Crib Biting.—A difference of opinion exists as to this being unsoundness, and courts have given opposite decisions in respect to it. There are cribbers that can scarcely be said to be unsound, as they are not perceptibly injured, and it does not interfere with their condition or endurance. Others inhale and swallow a great amount of wind; they bloat and are subject to colic, which interferes with their health and strength; this would constitute unsoundness. A warranty should always be taken against injury from cribbing, then if he breaks his teeth or injures himself, recompense may be had.

Curb constitutes unsoundness, as long as it lasts, and perhaps while the swelling remains, although no inflammation exists, for a horse that has once thrown out a curb, is liable to do so again on the slightest exertion. A horse, however, should not be returned, if he spring a curb five minutes after purchase, for it is done in a moment, and does not indicate any previous unsoundness.—*Michigan Farmer.*

GAPES IN CHICKENS.—A writer says that he found, by accident, that "dough raised with milk rising, is a sure and safe remedy for gapes in chickens, fed while fermenting, but still sweet." He has tried it for six years, but says that when he seasons the feed of his chickens with salt, as for cooking, they never have the gapes.

WHITE CLOVER IN PASTURES.—The growth of white clover on soils natural to its production, may be encouraged and promoted by a top-dressing of plaster and ashes. Its chief value is for pasture, as it is of too dwarf a growth to give much of a hay crop. A writer in the Boston Cultivator says, "There is an advantage in pasturing white clover which does not strike every farmer. Each joint furnishes a fresh root, (and of course a fresh plant,) whenever such joint comes in close contact with the soil, consequently the more it is trodden the thicker it will spring up. Hence one reason why it grows most luxuriantly near the bars and gateways of our pastures, where cattle often congregate."

Many farmers have observed this last mentioned fact without getting hold of the reason thereof. The natural growth of various grasses, self-sown upon all our soils, is a matter of curious interest to the naturalist and the farmer observant of nature.

TIGHT BARNS FOR HAY.—No practical and observing farmer will say that his hay is kept better or sweeter in a tight barn, than in one which admits some air between the boards.

Hay will prove musty in very tight barns unless it has been so much dried as to injure it. In common barns hay that has had two day's drying will keep well though put in a large mow, provided that the air may come in at the sides.

They are not experienced farmers who double board their barns, or put on clap boards to make them air tight.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

SOWING CLOVER.—Mr. John Johnston—good authority in practical farming—states, in a letter to the Rural American that he has never sown more than 12 pounds of clover seed to the acre, unless by mistake, and has always had as good crops as were produced in his part of the country. He thinks 6 quarts of timothy seed per acre give a larger yield than half a bushel; though the latter rate may give better quality. He finds that 1½ bushels of wheat sown per acre give on his farm the largest yield; but with 2 to 3 bushels to the acre, the crop ripens a few days earlier.

SUNFLOWER SEEDS FOR CHICKENS.—The value of the sunflower, which is easily cultivated is little known. It will grow in almost any situation where there is plenty of sun—close to a fence or wall, in places where few other plants would thrive. The seeds form a most excellent and convenient food for poultry, and it is only necessary to cut off the heads of the plant when ripe, tie them in bunches, and hang them in a dry situation till wanted. They not only fatten every description of poultry, but greatly increase the quantity of eggs they lay.—*English Paper.*

Useful Receipts.

CORNS.—Apply a piece of lemon to the corn—it is said to be a sure cure.

BITES AND STINGS.—As many are preparing for the summer, it may be useful to remind them that an ounce phial of spirits of hartshorn should be considered one of the indispensables, as in case of being bitten or stung by any poisonous animal or insect, the immediate and free application of alkali as a wash to the part bitten or stung, gives instant, perfect and permanent, relief, the bite of a mad dog (we believe) not excepted; so will strong ashes-water.

NERVOUSNESS.—Take plenty of bodily exercise, live well, and avoid smoking and ardent spirits. The following is said to work wonders in such cases:—Dandelion beer. Take of dandelion roots, well washed and dried, two ounces, boil them in six quarts of water for half an hour, strain, and add treacle one pound, and half an ounce of yeast. The whole to be put into a bottle and left to ferment for twelve hours. A wineglassful morning and evening.

A GOOD COFFEE.—Take a quantity of barley, and roast it by a gentle heat, till of a light brown color. Stir in among it a lump of butter on taking from the oven. This is to be ground and mixed with the coffee in equal proportions. Infuse in the usual manner. The beverage is scarcely to be distinguished in flavor from pure coffee.

AN EXCELLENT FURNITURE POLISH.—Into one pint of linseed oil put half a pound of treacle and a glass of gin; then, stirring well, apply sparingly with a linen rag, and, if rubbed until quite dry with linen cloths, this mixture will produce a splendid gloss. Eating tables should be covered with oilcloth or baize, to prevent staining, and be instantly rubbed when the dishes are removed.

BOSTON GINGERBREAD.—Three cupfuls of flour, one cupful of molasses, two eggs, one teaspoonful of saleratus, two table-spoonfuls of ginger, one of cinnamon, and milk enough to make it of the right consistency to roll out. Rub a piece of butter, about the size of a hen's egg, into the flour, and add the other ingredients—roll in thin sheets, and rub over with molasses and water before putting in the oven; bake with a moderate heat.

EARLY INFLUENCES.—There can be no greater blessing than to be born in the light and air of a cheerful, loving home. It not only ensures a happy childhood—if there be health and a good constitution—but it almost makes sure a virtuous and happy manhood, and a fresh young heart in old age. I think it every parent's duty to try to make their children's childhood full of love and of childhood's proper joyousness; and I never see children destitute of them, through the poverty, faulty tempers, or wrong notions of their parents, without a heartache. Not that all the appliances which wealth can buy are necessary to the free and happy unfolding of childhood in body, mind, or heart—quite otherwise, God be thanked; but children must at least have love inside the house, and fresh air and good play and some good companionship outside; otherwise young life runs the greatest danger in the world of withering or growing stunted, or sour and wrong, or, at best, prematurely old and turned inward on itself.

☞ How to Make Room—Take away the self conceited, and there will be elbow-room in the world.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 34 letters.
My 1, 4, 20, 10, 16, 25, is a river in Africa.
My 2, 25, 31, 26, 11, 12, 20, 24, is a cape in North America.
My 3, 31, 18, 20, is a mount in Europe.
My 4, 25, 6, 10, 23, 34, 23, 25, is an island in Europe.
My 30, 23, 5, 24, 23, 5, is an island in Asia.
My 8, 7, 23, 11, is a lake in the United States.
My 13, 24, 15, 23, 21, 22, 20, is a river in the United States.
My 9, 23, 21, 3, is a river in Africa.
My 10, 11, 22, 25, 33, 20, 17, 8, is a bay in the Eastern States.
My 23, 21, 22, 23, 34, 32, 23, 24, is one of the United States.
My 27, 28, 29, 30, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 20, 30, 2, 25, 14, is a desert in Asia.
My 13, 25, 2, 5, is one of the Sandwich Islands.
My 19, 20, 31, 2, 8, 14, 16, 17, 10, is a city in Ireland.
My whole was severely felt by the British.

W. T. TOTTEN.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 13, 5, 12, 7, 23, 6, 14, 2, is one of the United States.
My 25, 12, 23, 25, is one of the Northern lakes.
My 11, 12, 23, 22, 4, is a sea in the Eastern Continent.
My 1, 2, 21, 10, 25, was an American officer.
My 7, 9, 2, is a city in Hindoostan.
My 24, 2, 13, 5, 3, is a strait in North America.
My 2, 19, 24, 25, 17, is a range of mountains in Europe.
My 15, 5, 16, 25, 12, is a river in Africa.
My 13, 11, 25, 20, 20, 2, is a city in Europe.
My 22, 18, 16, 2, 12, is an island in one of the northern lakes.
My 8, 2, 21, is a river in Scotland.
My whole was the name and residence of an American author.

Pittsburg, Pa. J. B. J

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 11 letters.
My 5, 6, 10, 4, 9, is a town on the river Theiss, in Hungary.
My 11, 6, 8, 9, 2, 9, 7, 6, is one of the United States.
My 2, 9, 7, 7, 6, 10, is a county in New York.
My 1, 9, 3, 10, 4, 9, 10, 11, 7, 6, 2, 1, is a bay on the South-West coast of Florida.
My whole is a country in the Eastern Hemisphere.

NED CLIFTON.

Chicago, Illinois.

ENIGMA.

"Diamond me no diamond,"*
Though precious am I
I am ugly in figure,
I am dingy in color,
I am scratched on the face,
And fractured all over,
Yet no gem of like value
With me can be found,
And my form sheds a light,
That *goes the world round.*
I was gained amidst conquest,
I was purchased with blood,
And I flourished in beauty
Near the time of the flood.
Great scholars have gazed
On my rays with delight,
And "Philos" have labored
To read me aright.
Now, sphinx-like, I give you this riddle of stone,
Which soon should be read, as I stand quite alone.

*Tennyson.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There's not a day throughout the year
But what my first one does appear,
Its power is felt throughout the earth,
And brings to light my second's birth.

There's not a day throughout the year
But what my second will appear;
But as the shades of night draw on,
My second then is past and gone

There's not a day throughout the year,
But what my third is always there;
My whole is seen but once a week,
For more than that 'tis vain to seek.

Naples, Scott Co., Ill. J. SIMMONS.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What must be the diameter of an iron sphere which, being heated and placed upon a wooden one of 16 inches diameter, until it burns the same away to the centre, will consume just ½ of its solid contents?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Find 8 sets of two numbers each, whose sum is 8, and the difference of whose squares equal, respectively, 1, 2, 3, &c., up to 8.

Norfolk, Ky. M. DURANT.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a young lady who deserts a dandy admirer like a large steamer entering a river? Ans.—Because she leaves a *swell*.

☞ Why is it that Louis Napoleon cannot insure his life? Ans.—Because no one can be found to make out his policy.

☞ What is that which, if I had it, I wouldn't wish to lose; if I have not, I do not wish to have it: but if I gain it, I no longer have it? Ans.—A lawsuit.

☞ What is that which every one can divide, but no one can see where it has been divided? Ans.—Water.

☞ Why is a dun like a woodcock? Ans.—Because he bores with his bill.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.—The Saturday Evening Post. MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—Friendship, Love and Truth. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Learn to compose enigmas before publishing. CHARADE.—Newspaper. CHARADE.—Love. RIDDLE.—Her son.